# THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL

Published under the auspices of
the Atlantic Monthly

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1925

## CONTENTS

A Week of the World . . . . . 579
Vale Mr. Hughes — A Danube Federation — A Balkan Election — Rum-Running in England — The Patriarchate Dispute — Apologizing for General Feng — Minor Notes

The Principles of the Protocol A STUDENT OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS 585
*'The Most Fateful Step in International History'*

Europe Drifting Backward . . . . . GEORG BRANDES 588
*Ruminations of a Disillusioned Liberal*

Chasing Rum-Runners in the Baltic . . . C. Z. KLÖTZEL 591

Tel Aviv, Palestine's Boom Town DOCTOR WOLFGANG VON WEISL 594

Across the Sahara. II . . . . . HENRI DE KERILLIS 597

At the Play in Central Europe . . . . . I. B. 601

The Song Bird . . . . . RABINDRANATH TAGORE 608

Relativity in the Movie Show . . . . . FRITZ WITKOVSKI 609
*Overheard at Shanghai and Chicago*

What Does Darwinism Amount To? . . J. B. S. HALDANE 612

A Perfect Host. *A Story* . . . . . OSBERT BURDETT 615

Destroying the Past . . . . . WILLIAM MARTIN 617
*An Essay in Anti-Archæology*

A Page of Verse . . . . . 620
On Reading the War Diary of a Defunct Ambassador

Life, Letters, and the Arts . . . . . 621
Animals and Islands — The Grave of Saint Cuthbert — Why Conrad Did n't Write French — The Deemster's Amazing Oath — The Unpopularity of Railroads — Decorating Workmen

Books Abroad . . . . . 625
The Peal of Bells — Tales of King Solomon — Figures of the Passion — To the Unknown God — New Translations

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N.H.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 17, MASS.

$5.00 a Year 15c a Copy

*Entered as second-class mail matter at Concord, N. H.*
*Foreign Postage, $1.50; Canadian Postage, 60c*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# OXFORD BOOKS

## THE POLITICAL NOVEL
Its Development in England and in America.

*By Morris Edmund Speare* — *Net* $2.25

Dr. Speare has succeeded admirably and has cast much light upon a neglected phase of the history of the English Novel.—*Baltimore Evening Sun.*

## LORD LISTER

*By Sir Rickman Godlee, Bart* — *Net* $7.00

The third edition of the Standard Biography of Lister. To this edition the author has added an interesting appendix.

## The ENGLISH-SPEAKING NATIONS

*By G. W. Morris and L. S. Wood*

*Probable Price* $2.85

This well printed and profusely illustrated book aims at giving a readable account of the history and development of the English-Speaking Nations.

## THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGION

*By W. B. Selbie* — *Net* $4.20

The first of a series of volumes on questions of Religion and Theology. The present volume is a wise and sober review of Psychology in relation to religion.

## LETTERS OF JAMES BOSWELL

*Collected and Edited*
*By Chauncey Brewster Tinker*

*2 vols. Net* $10.00

Professor Tinker has added, from a multitude of sources, over one hundred letters never before printed. The result is a picture of Boswell unlike anything we have hitherto possessed.

## THE SWALLOW-BOOK

*By Ernst Toller*
*English Version by Ashley Dukes* — *Net* 85c

Toller is one of the more eminent of the new school of European dramatists sometimes called "Expressionists." This little book is a poem in free verse suggested by the sight of two swallows who nested in his cell to which he was confined for his participation in the abortive Bavarian "Red" Outbreak.

## TRAVELS OF CARL PHILIPP MORITZ IN ENGLAND

*By P. E. Matheson* — *Net* $1.20

One of the most entertaining accounts of late eighteenth Century England in existence. It now takes its place in that admirable series, The Oxford Miscellany.—*Nation*

His letters have value as well as entertainment. The time during which they were written was momentous in history.—*Boston Transcript.*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS *American Branch*
35 WEST 32nd STREET, NEW YORK

# STUDY AT HOME
DIRECTED BY
## The University of Chicago

Education is profit that can't be lost. Courses in Psychology, English, History, Languages, the Sciences, Business and 40 other subjects. All command High School or College credit. Begin any time. Nominal cost. Address 36 Ellis Hall, The University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

# MAMMONART
## By UPTON SINCLAIR

The most revolutionary criticism of literature and the arts ever penned.

*400 pages, cloth $2.00, paper-bound $1.00, postpaid*

UPTON SINCLAIR, Pasadena, California

## *New* *Books*

### *The* SCARLET COCKEREL
By CLIFFORD M. SUBLETTE

This book won the $2,000 prize in the Charles Boardman Hawes Memorial Contest.
*Frontispiece.* $2.00

TWO REAL SEA THRILLERS

### OLD BRIG'S CARGO
By DR. HENRY A. PULSFORD
*Frontispiece.* $2.00

### *The* CLUTCH *of the* CORSICAN
By ALFRED H. BILL
*Frontispiece.* $2.00

### KELSEY'S RURAL GUIDE
By DAVID STONE KELSEY

The noted authority on farm problems answers an infinite number of practical questions. $1.50

### THE SOUL'S SINCERE DESIRE
By GLENN CLARK

An amazing personal story of the miraculous force of prayer. $2.00

### *From* INFANCY *to* CHILDHOOD
By RICHARD M. SMITH, M. D.

Another important book by the author of *The Baby's First Two Years.* $1.25

### BUCOLIC BEATITUDES

Whimsical essays on the pleasures of rural life.
*Illustrated.* $1.50

### *The* 8:45
By ROBERT M. GAY

The amusing adventures of a commuter and his wife. *Illustrated.* $1.25

The
ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK SHOP
8 Arlington Street, Boston


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 324 — *MARCH 14, 1925* — NO. 4210

## A WEEK OF THE WORLD

### VALE MR. HUGHES

MR. HUGHES retires from the State Department with an unusually good press abroad. Naturally, he is not loved by the Radicals, because he is held chiefly responsible for our failure to recognize Soviet Russia. *Pravda* pictured his hostility to the Soviet Republic as follows.

The *New Statesman*, which is anything but Bolshevist yet plays on the Radical side of the fence, also finds it a little difficult to bid the departing Secretary a cordial farewell:—

Mr. Hughes, despite the extravagant eulogies of the daily press, has not been a great Secretary of State; but he made an impressive affair of the one event in international politics for which the Harding Administration will be remembered — the Washington Conference for the reduction of naval armaments. Mr. Hughes's position has been self-contradictory. He was for America's entry into the League, as he is for her entry into the World Court; but he could do nothing in either case to reduce the hostility of the Senate majority. He is a man of fine manner, and yet his tone in diplomatic documents has sometimes been unusually hard.

One of the friendliest adieus was written by J. L. Garvin in the *Observer:*—

When he retires at the beginning of March, he will leave an historic record and example. No man in contemporary politics has surpassed him in solid ability and dignity of character, in the steadfast patience with which he waited for the right moment, or in the firm grip with which he seized it when it came. The Washington Conference — though incomplete in serious ways — stands as the only great practical attempt yet made to grapple with the deadly problem of competitive armaments. When Mr. Hughes assured the success of the Conference on the first day by the boldness and force of his own main proposals, he showed

*Copyright 1925, by the Living Age Co.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

how to do it and won an enduring name. By a very different method, waiting till the time was ripe, he took a chief hand in solving the Ruhr crisis, settling reparations as far as present circumstances admit, and stabilizing Germany. The Paris Conference at the end of his term of office has established coöperation as a regular and permanent method for all the purposes of the Dawes Plan. An association of the Allies again, but an associate with a difference, the United States becomes at the same time a trustee for every reasonable interest of Germany in relation to the new scheme. This is a performance far stronger in itself and far more promising in method than anything which seemed possible when European affairs were at their worst and American repulsion was at its height. Mr. Hughes has steered world-policy through the tumult and confusion of the darkest post-war years into the New Era; and in that work he has been an honor to his country and an asset to his time.

And the London *Times*, which believes that American foreign policy during four of the most critical years of history will bear 'the clear impress of his intellect, of his courage, and of his shrewd sense of very complex realities,' commends him — is this a reflection upon foreign ministers abroad? — as 'at any rate intelligible.' It then pays him this cordial compliment: —

The workings of his able mind had become familiar. It was possible to depend upon his interpretation of that great force which is America. He knew his America and he knew the world. He also understood, as perhaps no one else did during a very difficult period, the nature of the relations between a changing America and a world that was changing still more swiftly. He knew, moreover, — and this is his chief title to fame, — how to interpret these unstable and uncertain relations in a policy that was at once coherent and convincing to people at home and people abroad. He maintained the balance. He was neither retrograde nor utopian. He knew exactly how far he could go at any given moment. Acutely sensitive to the confused impulses of the great nation which he represented, and at the same time acutely aware of the crying needs and the inveterate rivalries of the great world outside, he succeeded in conveying to the world, in speech and in action and in the manner of his restraint, something like the exact attitude of America to the chief world-problems. His retirement means the removal of a very definite and familiar personal influence.

Most Continental newspapers are more concerned with what Mr. Hughes's successor will do than with what he himself has done. *Le Temps* said: —

The personal influence of Mr. Hughes has made itself felt so powerfully in the whole field of international affairs that it is no exaggeration to say that it is chiefly he who is to be credited for the fact that grave complications were avoided during the serious tension between the United States and Japan last year. In respect to the League of Nations, he sensibly changed the attitude of the Washington Cabinet. He has not endeavored to promote his country's eventual entry into the League more than has any other Republican statesman, but at least he did not affect to ignore its existence, as his decision to participate in the Opium Conference testified. Mr. Hughes was able to give the foreign policy of the United States a definite direction in respect to matters of high general interest for the whole civilized world.

Japanese comment was uniformly friendly. Tokyo *Jiji*, in an editorial that typifies the attitude of most of its colleagues, paid a high tribute to Mr. Hughes as a man 'whose rare ability made him conspicuous' among American Foreign Ministers: —

He did all he could to maintain and strengthen Japanese-American friendship. Although unhappily his efforts were not successful, he left no stone unturned to prevent the promulgation of the anti-Japanese Immigration Law, and his endeavors in this direction will always be remembered by the Japanese people with gratitude. Under his guidance America's policy toward Europe

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has gradually passed from nonchalance to coöperation.

*

### A DANUBE FEDERATION

WE have alluded previously to the constantly recurring project of a Danube customs-union. The topic is interesting for two reasons: it points a moral for impromptu State-makers who cut political boundaries through an ancient economic entity as unceremoniously as they would slice a piece of cheese; and it is an interesting clinical subject for the student of political intrigue in modern Europe.

Who wants the Danube Federation? That is a question that nobody seems to have settled. Whenever the subject reappears in the headlines, the inspired (?) press of Czechoslovakia furiously attacks it. Yet there are doubters who ask if shrewd Mr. Benes, who pulls the strings, does not fall into affected rage in order to popularize the plan with some of his jealous neighbors. Vienna welcomes with apparent sincerity any suggestion that promises to restore her ancient markets and sources of raw materials. Hungary, which still cherishes the deep-seated resentments of a nation shorn of former territories and populations, is instinctively antagonistic. Nor have we reason to believe that there is much spontaneous sentiment in favor of being agreeable to one's neighbors in either economic or political matters in the other riparian countries that share the navigation of the Danube.

Why, then, does the proposal continue to thrust itself upon the attention of Europe's diplomatic world? Undoubtedly there are big business interests, both within and without the nations affected, that see the folly of breaking up a great river-valley, which Nature has made an economic unit, into a cluster of mutually hostile State domains. The commercial good sense of London condemns the present situation. Moreover, the wary eye of suspicious Nationalists in the Balkan and near-Balkan countries sees a Machiavellian political hand pulling the wires in this connection. France is said to be eager, in order to quiet the agitation for joining Austria to Germany, to turn the ambitions of Vienna toward the great river-valley that lies at her feet. This, the opponents of the proposal say, is the reason why Czechoslovakia, France's ally, secretly fosters and publicly condemns the suggestion. Such a suspicion naturally chills German sympathy, which otherwise might be in favor of the scheme, for a Danube Federation under Slavic leadership would be far from welcome to Berlin.

*

### A BALKAN ELECTION

LATER reports from the Yugoslav elections indicate that Premier Pašič's victory was not as sweeping and was probably won with less intimidation than earlier reports intimated. In a parliament of 315 members, his immediate followers hold 141 seats, and he can count with certainty on the support of a dissident fraction of the Democrats numbering 22 deputies. The Croatian Peasant Party, which was reported to have been virtually suppressed, has the second-largest delegation, numbering 68, and the total Opposition can muster a total of 139 votes. The London *Times* thinks that Pašič has now an opportunity 'to crown a distinguished career by initiating a policy of conciliation and self-abnegation,' but evidently doubts his ability to do so in his eighty-second year, after spending 'the greater part of his life in the turbulent Balkan atmosphere, which has imbued him with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the feeling that the State is a camp in a hostile country and that there are few limits to the devices which a statesman may use to preserve an embryo political organization from destruction, whether from within or from without.' The *Manchester Guardian*, while admitting discrepancies in the evidence, is inclined to believe that the elections were won by persecution and terrorism. The means employed, according to its information, 'included the beating, arrest, and imprisonment of Opposition candidates and other politicians, the suppression of newspapers, three in Zagreb alone, the seizure of election addresses, the threat of additional forced labor for villages that did not produce the requisite number of votes for the Government, the re-arrest of politicians liberated last year, the breaking up of meetings by Nationalist or semi-Fascist organizations, and threatening the owners of cafés who allowed their rooms to be used by the Opposition.'

✤

### RUM-RUNNING IN ENGLAND

RUM-RUNNING is not a peculiarly American phenomenon, as the article upon Sweden in this issue indicates. Great Britain is having trouble with liquor-smugglers on the Kentish coast, where an organized illicit traffic in spirits is conducted by men who make large profits out of evading the high duties and are substantially financed by parties higher up.

'Contraband goods,' says the *Westminster Gazette*, 'are landed by night from vessels of shallow draught and are conveyed by motor-lorries to London and other big cities, where large consignments are disposed of for distribution.' A Folkestone correspondent of that paper describes the method pursued by these lawbreakers, as follows: —

The new smuggler does not worry about secret coves and concealed caves. Any unfrequented part of the coast will do, where there is a good road near the sea and a ready break-away to London. On a prearranged night a motor-trawler, usually French, crosses from the French coast with a cargo of spirits — say 100 cases. This type of boat is of shallow draught, so that it can approach the shore closely. At the landing-place on this side a two-ton lorry is waiting. A few minutes suffice to transfer the cargo, the boat puts off again, and the lorry makes off at once for London, arriving in the early morning.

✤

### THE PATRIARCHATE DISPUTE

DJAVID BEY, the new Ambassador of Turkey at Paris, explained his Government's order expelling the Patriarch of the Greek Church from Constantinople to a representative of *L'Europe Nouvelle* as follows: —

Why did the Greek Archbishops of the Holy Synod elect Monsignor Constantin Araboghiou? He was not qualified, under the Lausanne Treaty, to reside in Constantinople. We merely insist that the Holy Synod should not have elected a person subject to deportation under the agreement. If the Great Powers had accepted Turkey's proposal at Lausanne to transfer the Patriarchate offhand to Mount Athos or somewhere else in Greece, this would not have happened. We have chased the Caliph out of Constantinople. We are a secular government. Why should we tolerate a Patriarch who is not qualified to reside in Constantinople?

On the other hand, M. Politis, the Greek Minister at Paris, insisted to the same interviewer that the question of the Patriarch and the question of an exchange of populations were absolutely distinct issues.

The Treaty of Lausanne provides that the Patriarch shall reside in Constantinople. Now our position is that the Turkish contention would limit our choice of a Patriarch to the two Archbishops who have been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

residing in Constantinople since 1918. That would be an absurdity. For example, they might vanish — and the Patriarchate would thereby be *de facto* suppressed.

✤

APOLOGIZING FOR GENERAL FENG

EVER since General Feng Yu-hsiang sold out, as the charge goes, to Chang Tso-lin — or to the Japanese — his apologists have been busy trying to justify him. One interesting, though not exactly plausible, story had it that he acted in connivance with his former chief, Wu Pei-fu, who found his military position at the Great Wall untenable and asked his subordinate to betray him in order to save his face. Other defenders of the Christian General appeal to the *tu quoque* argument. They point out that the men who join in a chorus of abuse over this recent 'treachery' had no fault to find with the far worse treachery of Yuan Shih-kai, who pretended to be fighting for his Manchu rulers and then ordered them to get out. The same gentlemen have nothing but praise for Chen Chiung-ming, who not long ago suddenly turned against, and practically turned out, his leader, Sun Yat-sen. Precedents so numerous that they almost constitute a tradition — and the Chinese are reputed to venerate tradition — exist in that country's history to justify his action. Still another extenuating circumstance — at least as elucidating his present unpopularity — has just been brought to light. We are told that when the Christian General took control at Peking he found many foreigners there who for years had been drawing from the impoverished public funds very large salaries, rising in some instances to two thousand dollars a month, for which they rendered no actual service. He dismissed these men summarily and thereby incurred, not only their personal displeasure, but that of the parasitic Occidental coterie that circulated around them. The *Japan Chronicle* concludes: 'On all the evidence we have seen, General Feng Yu-hsiang seems to have a far cleaner record than most of the Chinese warlords.'

✤

MINOR NOTES

WE quote the following from *Le Courrier Catalan*, the bimonthly organ of the Catalan Separatists, published in Paris: 'They are still applying the *loi de fuite* in Catalonia. . . . It consists in taking political prisoners out into unfrequented places at night and shooting them down under the pretense that they have tried to escape.'

Is the Riviera losing its popularity as a winter playground? asks the London *Outlook*. Although the weather has been good, the present season has been a poor one. Not only are the Russians and Germans who used to flock there absent, for obvious reasons, but the English show a preference for Switzerland, where winter sports have become the vogue. Those who go to the south of France are mostly dull valetudinarians. Meanwhile the racial frontier is moving westward — a curious outcome of the bars America has set up against immigration from South Europe. Italy's overflow of population is submerging France's Mediterranean departments, and the race boundary between the two countries seems to have shifted already from Mentone to Monte Cristo.

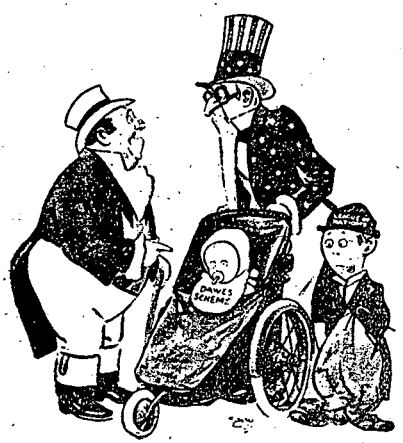
THE Mexican Government has just issued a regulation requiring mining enterprises in that country to employ certificated engineers, by which is meant engineers holding diplomas issued or approved by the Mexican authorities. *El Universal* complains that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foreign companies now employ men in engineering capacities who can produce no evidence that they have educational preparation for their work, and adds: 'Our own School of Mines has a most creditable history, and a knowledge of the metallurgical and engineering sciences is neither an exotic nor an adventitious acquirement in a country where mining is such an important industry as it is here.'

*Navayuga*, an Indian independent weekly friendly to Nationalist aspirations, claims that India was misrepresented at the Opium Conference. After asserting that India pays annually seventy-five thousand pounds sterling for her representation in the League of Nations, it protests: 'Instead of being properly represented, her people were placed in an absolutely false position by the British delegates chosen by the India Office, in opposition to Indian public opinion. This is the case regarding Indian representations at the International Opium Conference of the League of Nations, where Mr. Campbell and Mr. Clayton, using the blood money of the Indian people, voted against the American proposition of "restricting the cultivation of the poppy and production of opium only to medicinal or scientific purposes."'

NO ENTANGLING ALLIANCES?




JOHN BULL. I hope, Uncle Sam, your second boy will turn out better than the first.—*London Opinion*

JAPAN'S TREATY WITH RUSSIA

JAPAN. Not ornamental, but I hope it will keep off that American Eagle.—*Berlingske Tidende*, Copenhagen

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE PRINCIPLES OF THE PROTOCOL

## BY A STUDENT OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

From the *Manchester Guardian Weekly, January* 30
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL WEEKLY)

WHEN last September in Geneva the Assembly of the League of Nations accepted by a unanimous vote the Protocol of Arbitration, Security, and Disarmament, it was the most promising and perhaps the most fateful step forward that has yet been taken in international history. How immense an advance it is is best shown by recapitulating its commitments. It binds the nations to the abolition of private war, to the substitution of compulsory arbitration for force in all disputes without exception, and to a system of international solidarity so tightly woven that it makes all frontiers common; it pools all the resources — military, naval, aërial, industrial, and human — of the banded nations together into a common instrument of defense, and puts them by an automatic device at the immediate and unquestioned service, though not under the technical control, of an international executive body, the Council of the League of Nations, which alone has the right to call these common forces into play and alone has the right to call them off. In short, it substitutes common war for private war and common peace for private peace, a common automatic guaranty of security for private endeavor through armaments, and aims at a far-reaching international solidarity in place of the international chaos of distinct isolated rival States or allied groups of States which has prevailed since the fall of the Roman Empire, and which was admittedly the ultimate cause of the Great War. To this amazing scheme the representatives at Geneva of half a hundred nations gave their assent.

An extremely ingenious and on the whole successful effort was made to preserve the forms at least of national sovereignty unimpaired. The obligation of solidarity, unconditional though it is, is unaccompanied by any sanction; it has only a moral binding-force. The Council of the League is given a vast judicial, or quasi-judicial, or decisive authority, but a minimum of executive power and no legislative function, no power of change or reform whatever. Otherwise, apart from these important deficiencies, the system has many of the characteristics, and may be regarded in this sense as the beginning, of a European if not a world confederation.

From the Covenant to the Protocol is an easy step, though one of terrific import. As Mr. MacDonald said at Geneva, 'the Covenant is much stronger than some imagine.' M. Loucheur has described the Protocol as closing the few gaps in the Covenant that still permit war. The truth of these statements makes it very difficult to attempt to go back on the Protocol without seeming to question the most vital implications of the Covenant itself.

Evidence of the vast significance of the Protocol is the embarrassed silence that has fallen upon all statesmen and publicists since their return from Geneva to their own countries.

It is perhaps in this country that the silence in responsible quarters has been



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the most profound and the embarrassment the most marked. The impression is irresistible — that the British Government does not see its way clear in any direction. It does not see how it can accept the Protocol as it stands, nor how it can reject it, nor again how it can amend it satisfactorily. Bluntly to reject the Protocol at this stage would be to shake the foundations of the League itself and go a long way toward destroying it. Even apart from this, no British Government of whatever party would lightly trample upon the most ingenious and most carefully thought-out effort yet made in history toward solving the problem of the world's peace along the only lines on which it can be approached — those of compulsory arbitration and international solidarity. To accept the Protocol as it stands, however, seems equally difficult. This country is an island, and for centuries its habits of mind and its whole foreign policy have been dictated by that geographical fact.

Through the Protocol we are by implication put into Europe up to and above the ears; and not Great Britain only, for there is the Empire to be considered — an Empire that is in its main memberships wholly autonomous, and is scattered throughout all the continents and oceans; that is an anomaly from top to bottom, utterly and irremediably unintelligible to foreign countries; and that coheres and will continue to cohere only through an instinctive common pulsation, a beating of time together in all its parts. Will Canada or Australia also consent to plunge head over ears into Europe? What compensation, they may ask, has Europe to offer them? And if they refuse, how can we accept without risking the Empire itself? Yet to use the Dominions as a pretext for rejection would be a false move. Other nations do not understand, and cannot be made to understand, our Empire. A plea of *non possumus* in the name of the Dominions would be simply and inevitably interpreted as a hypocritical mode of rejection. Great Britain might easily come, as a result, to be regarded as a Power false to her Covenant pledges, not to be relied upon in an emergency, incapable of a 'European' sense of solidarity, and even as a standing danger to Europe. Prophets are not wanting even in Allied countries who already preach this doctrine.

So far the Government's hesitation is natural enough. Consider the chief implications of our adhesion to the Protocol: —

1. It would deprive King and Parliament of the right of declaring war. Force would cease to be the ultimate argument of our foreign policy; the army and navy to be its purely national instruments. All this is implied in the abolition of private war.

2. Similarly, King and Parliament would have no right to declare peace. That right would belong exclusively to the Council of the League.

3. War when it did come would be automatic. We could not pick and choose the quarrels that we could make our own.

4. Our obligation to exercise and probably to enforce blockade would be automatic. By automatic obligation we should have to keep the sea routes open. Again, we should have no option in the matter. Potentially every man, ship, gun, and every penny we possess would be engaged in any such automatic conflict. Though in such matters our obligation would be moral only, it would be unlimited. Our contribution to the common cause would have to be 'loyal and effective,' and who can limit the practical significance of those terms?

5. Our foreign policy would be profoundly changed in character. All

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

disputes with other countries would, as now, in the first instance be solved, if possible, by mutual agreement. So far there would be no formal change in the diplomatic method. But even in these preliminary stages, the character of our diplomacy would be modified by the knowledge that the ultimate argument in reserve would be, not war, but decision, in the case of juridical disputes, by the Hague Court, and in other cases by the League Council or by bodies appointed by it. Apart from the juridical decisions, these judgments would be essentially political. Great Britain's foreign policy would, in other words, cease to be independent; it would be imposed upon her from outside.

6. Finally, we should be committed inexorably by the Protocol system to the maintenance, if necessary by force, of the existing European situation as it has been established by the peace treaties. Even though British opinion is overwhelmingly in favor of the modification of the status quo in Europe by a revision of the peace treaties, again it would be helpless and would have no means for asserting its desire for revision save through the vague and ineffective Clause 19 of the Covenant. The peace treaties could be expounded and interpreted but not modified by the Hague Court, and if a breach of the treaties led to hostilities we might be forced into a conflict against our sympathies and our conception of justice.

At first sight these consequences might seem appalling, yet to a large extent they are inherent and inevitable in any world-organization. Amendments and improvements in other points of the Protocol might and will be suggested, but on these vital matters it is almost impossible to suggest any that would not hamstring the whole system. For all of them are implied in the very nature of international solidarity. Solidarity necessarily vetoes private aggressive war and, equally, any separate peace. It necessarily implies the complete and unconditional pooling of resources and of military strength, the equalization of weak and strong. It must, again, be applied to the existing political situation, imperfect and unjust though that situation may appear. For to what other can it be applied? To wait for a perfectly arranged world would be to wait an eternity. To introduce the principle of elasticity in some way that would allow the modification of the status quo and the revision of treaties is not impossible, yet it is more difficult than it seems. We could not confine it to the peace treaties of 1919. It would have to be generalized; and as world relations are built on treaties, there would be a danger of weakening the whole edifice. Some way will have to be found, but the difficulty of finding a formula of elasticity for incorporation in the Protocol has hitherto baffled invention. Ultimately the only way of achieving elasticity in a system of international solidarity is to push solidarity to its logical end, and to confer legislative powers upon the central organ. But that means full world (or at least European) federation, and opinion is assuredly not yet ripe for that consummation.

To point out these implications is not to criticize the Protocol adversely or to play the part of Devil's advocate. They inevitably arise the moment any serious decision is taken to accept the principle of international solidarity. More than is yet realized, we took such a decision when we signed the Covenant that introduces the Versailles Treaty. The Protocol, however, which elaborates and develops it puts Great Britain at the parting of the ways.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It puts this country in a dilemma such as it never has had to face before. To choose one way is to take the plunge into Europe that has been indicated; to choose the other is to imitate America, to wash one's hands of Europe and, without enjoying America's self-sufficiency, geographical position, security, and inexhaustible wealth, to take all the incalculable risks of such isolation, and, moreover, unlike America, to go back on our own Covenant commitments.

Public opinion, it is true, may not be as yet fitted to make so tremendous a choice. A long process of education is perhaps required; the franker it is the better. Events, too, as they develop, will help in that education. There is no desperate urgency. Other countries too, though in a less degree, are in the same dilemma. There is every reason to believe that France's professed faith in the Protocol is less in the Protocol itself than in an instrument for extorting from us a more direct and more highly valued form of guaranty — that of an alliance; yet such an alliance would commit us almost as deeply in Europe, and much more dangerously. Our present Government seems to be thinking of such a pact of guaranty to France as an alternative to the Protocol. It is an alternative with no advantages. Alliances, as 1914 showed, are the mother of wars. There is no limit to their commitments. Thus the dilemma cannot be escaped.

The choice is between the old diplomacy and the new route through Geneva. It is, at last, the parting of the ways.

# EUROPE DRIFTING BACKWARD

## RUMINATIONS OF A DISILLUSIONED LIBERAL

BY GEORG BRANDES

From *Tilskueren, February*
(Copenhagen Literary and Political Review)

Europe entered the twentieth century captivated by illusions beyond compare. In all countries the people believed what they wished to come true.

This was most noticeable among the greater and more famous men of the chief nations. In Great Britain, Herbert Spencer championed a doctrine, which found wide acceptance, to the effect that human instinct would eventually bring about a golden age. His optimism foresaw the end of our atavistic craving for war, and convinced him that free trade, because it served best our egoistic quest of wealth, would lead to permanent and universal peace.

In Russia Tolstoi and Kropotkin, each in his own way, preached faith in mankind's deep-rooted, unfailing goodness. Tolstoi believed the ideal social state would be attained when no one resisted evil. He imagined that certain sentences ascribed to Jesus in the later

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gospels contained a panacea for the wounds of mankind. First and foremost, no one should be punished; all courts of justice should be abolished; the arts and sciences should be abandoned, and everyone should practise the holy simplicity of the peasant.

Kropotkin, far more spiritual and fundamentally much more noble, whose conduct ever corresponded to his ideas, was no less an optimist than his great compatriot. Like Tolstoi, he nursed an aversion to criminal law, but he saw the salvation of mankind in unconditional liberty — that is, in anarchy. What the New Testament was to Tolstoi, revolution and anarchy were to Kropotkin, who believed absolute freedom from human restraint would of itself produce a new and happy era. Neither did he, in spite of hundreds of bitter experiences to the contrary, doubt that human nature at bottom was good.

Schiller wrote, toward the end of the eighteenth century, the following stanza, which in spite of Beethoven's beautiful accompaniment and its own sweet melody seems to us rather insipid: —

*Seid umschlungen, Millionen!*
*Dieser Kuss der ganzen Welt!*
*Brüder, übern Sternenzelt*
*Muss ein lieber Vater wohnen.*

His 'kiss for the entire world' is impossible and distasteful; his 'embracing of the millions' is impossible and sentimental; and even as a figure of speech his 'starry tent' is inept to our modern minds. Even faith in a loving Father dwelling above the tent is old-modish to-day. Yet, in the beginning of the twentieth century some of the world's greatest men still shared the feeling that inspired Schiller's verse.

In both Europe and America, seeing the bright side of things had so long been proclaimed as a duty that very few were able to view human relations — even the purely political — in their true light. The nations of Europe and the Americas had, it is true, a kind of culture, but they also had a press. The common people no doubt loved peace, but they were also warlike at heart, and it was easy for the press to play upon the latter impulse. Nor need we assume that the newspapers were bought by the great industrial interests and munition-manufacturers. They needed only to be patriotic, as they universally remain to-day. Patriotism and world peace are bad neighbors.

What is more, every nation nursed ambitions that could not be realized except through war. Russia coveted Constantinople; so did Greece, and likewise Bulgaria. Turkey wanted to retain Constantinople. Great Britain wished to control the Dardanelles. This one example shows how general the dissatisfaction with the established order was. Again, Germany sought to get possession of France's colonies; France wanted to recover Alsace and Lorraine; England wished to extend her dominion from Cairo to the Cape.

As late as 1912 public opinion in France may be said to have been pacific; but this state of mind was entirely changed in 1913. Nationalism, but lately discredited by the Dreyfus case, was again in the ascendant. This nationalism soon dominated France, as it already dominated England, Germany, Italy, and Russia; only in France it was more pronounced than elsewhere. A wave of martial frenzy swept over Europe. Socialism was victor at the polls, but that meant nothing. Labor could not prevent a world war.

National pride, which in ancient times made the Romans, the Greeks, and the Jews consider themselves better than other nations, — and it must be admitted that this pride was not without reason, — has gradually taken possession of all European nations.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Like those intolerable individuals who constantly flaunt their imaginary superiority or their achievements in the face of everyone whom they meet, the European peoples of to-day have almost without exception fallen into the bad habit of self-praise. There is scarcely a country so small or unimportant that it does not consider itself the world's foremost nation. I have heard a little Polish boy returning from school ask his mother: 'Is it true what the teacher says — that Columbus was no Pole?'

'That is right,' said the mother. 'He was a Genoese.'

'Oh,' replied the boy, 'I thought that all big men were Poles.'

This is the reason for the growing hatred of foreigners, even of foreign elements long domiciled within a nation. Whoever is old enough to remember the spirit of 1848, with its enlightened humanism and liberal cosmopolitanism, can only stand astonished and regretful before this nationalist retrogression. National self-deification has even transplanted itself from Europe to America. In the United States, no doubt, there is hardly a schoolboy or girl who does not believe that his country has soared far above all other countries in the world. And while no nation, with the exception perhaps of the Swiss, would appear to be less homogeneous racially than the people of the United States, that country competes with Europe in its hatred of foreigners and its desire to exclude them from its body politic.

Turning to religion, in the United States Protestantism asserts itself, while in clerical Europe, particularly in the Latin and Slavic countries, Catholicism steadily gains ground. This constantly growing nationalism and clericalism has begotten a bitter antidote in an equally uncompromising Communism, which successfully defies all efforts to suppress it.

The ideal of political liberty that obtained in the nineteenth century is almost forgotten. In conservatively governed countries popular rights are thrust aside by dictators. In revolutionary Russia, and her satellite states like Ukraine and Georgia, there is freedom neither for the individual nor for the press. The entire education is Communist and antiliberal.

Since looking at the dark side of life is both unpleasant and unfruitful, let us conclude with one word of hope. It is that out of our present travail and apparent backsliding something better may be born.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# CHASING RUM-RUNNERS IN THE BALTIC

BY C. Z. KLÖTZEL

From *Berliner Tageblatt, January* 23
(LIBERAL DAILY)

MY real wish was to study rum-running as conducted along the more or less 'dry' coasts of Sweden, Norway, and Finland from the rum-runner's side. I thought it would be a memorable experience to get a first-hand knowledge of the rum-runner's world, to study his spirits-saturated mentality, to investigate his methods and tactics, and last but not least, if fortune favored, to catch a glimpse of the romance of his career.

Unfortunately, the gentlemen who are trying to defeat the Bratt's System, as the Swedish prohibition law is called, shun publicity. To be sure, they say that when a rum-runner gets out of prison he is fêted as a hero and a martyr by his colleagues, in the best cognac that German or Danish rum-boat ever put overboard outside the three-mile limit. But these gentlemen show no ambition to become newspaper celebrities. My expressed desire to see them defy the Swedish law drew forth such highly colored descriptions of the specific and the general dangers a man who was not a professional rum-runner, an experienced seaman, and a Swede was sure to encounter in such an effort that I soon discovered I was knocking at a door that would not be opened to admit me.

But the Swedish authorities were more accommodating, when I applied to them for a chance to study the traffic from the official angle. They explained to me that by far the greater part of the liquor run into the country came from Germany. That was the only flaw in the otherwise excellent relations between the two countries. Since we Germans are not overblessed with foreign friends, and Sweden has strong moral claims to special consideration from us, — for her kindness to our war prisoners and to our slum children, — I felt that this was a case where I might perform a common service to both countries.

The trip down from Stockholm to Sandhamn, where the rum-boat chaser that was to be my home for the next few days was stationed, impressed me with Nature's extreme kindness toward these lawbreakers, and the difficulties she had put in the way of the law's defenders. An archipelago of islands of all shapes and sizes, an inextricable tangle of channels, straits, and sounds, extends from Stockholm Harbor to the open sea. Only a few of these waterways are used by the numerous little steamship-lines that ply out of that city. Hundreds of them form labyrinths known only to local fishermen, and offer unnumbered secret landings for contraband.

Twelve rum-chasers are detached to watch the Stockholm archipelago alone. Sixty are on constant duty along the coast between this point and Sundsvall. These boats are called cruisers, but that is a rather ambitious name for them. They are small, high-powered motor-boats, each carrying a crew of from four to six men.

Our T. V. 3, Captain Vickberg, slipped noiselessly just at dusk out of the little pilot-boat harbor at Sand-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hamn. All the lights were extinguished. We did not even show starboard and port lights. It was like being on a torpedo boat in war time. At first we followed the steamer lane marked by a long line of white and red range-lights. Like the stars of God, they guide alike good men and evil men, coast-guarders and rum-runners. The water citadel of Vaxholm emerged, a squat colossus, from the pale moonlight. This fortification owes its historical importance to a single fact: it was the only thing in the world that ever made the elder Moltke laugh. We bought extra provisions at a tidy delicatessen shop on the Vaxholm steamer-wharf — a place familiar to many German vacationists.

Immediately after leaving this place we plunged into the heart of the 'Skären,' the thousand islands of the Stockholm archipelago. The cover was removed from the searchlight on the pilot house. The officer of the watch never took the night glass from his eyes. While our boat turned in and out the narrow channels at half-speed, every eye scanned the water ahead and the dark shores shaded by pine trees and overhanging cliffs.

But not every hunting-day has its bag. After several hours' cruising we anchored about midnight in a wonderfully well-hidden little nook, assuming, as the tragedian says, 'Through this dark street he will surely come' — that is, if he does not elect to stay at home. One man took the watch, while the rest of us descended to the small but cheerful cabin, where I listened to stories of the chase.

T. V. 3 is one of the most successful rum-chasers. During the past year it has captured in round numbers twelve thousand litres of spirits, which it has delivered to the *Vinog Spritcentralen*, or Government dispensaries. One of its lucky strikes was to capture in Swedish territorial waters the steamer Concurrent with eight thousand litres of ninety-six-per-cent liquor on board. The remainder was taken from thirteen Swedish rum-runners on their way to Stockholm. Besides that, the T. V. 3 forced other rum-runners to throw overboard some sixteen hundred litres.

Next day, as we were winding in and out among the Skären, Captain Vickberg remarked several times, with the mournful resignation of a man speaking at the graveside of a dear one: 'Down there are one hundred and fifty flasks of the best brandy!' 'Over there lies a keg with eighty litres of export spirits.' After each such remark we all peered anxiously into the clear water in the hope of glimpsing — and perhaps rescuing? — the buried treasure.

On the whole rum-running is a form of contraband trade that no longer has the romance we associate with it from having seen the third act of *Carmen*. The principal men engaged in the traffic — that is, the German, Danish, or Esthonian 'sellers' — incur little risk so long as they exercise ordinary prudence. A skipper loads, usually at a free port, a cargo of alcohol. He then proceeds to a point near the coast of a dry country and anchors as close as he dare to the three-mile limit. There he waits calmly until his customers come alongside and pay him cash for his merchandise. He runs a shop, so to speak, on the high sea, where trade is free and no law can reach him. Technically he is not a smuggler or a lawbreaker. He does nothing for which there is a legal penalty. He sets up business in the hole of the net of statutory prohibitions. He does not become an offender unless, in order to facilitate his business, he crosses the three-mile limit, or unless heavy weather forces him to seek refuge in a dry harbor. In those cases he is likely to burn his fingers; but they are exceptions.

Yet several of the boats try to add a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

touch of romance to their business. One, for instance, flies a smuggler's flag of a design to delight the heart of an adventurous schoolboy. It is black, and in the four corners are respectively a death's-head, a dagger, a revolver, and a flask bearing the speaking inscription '96%,' and in the middle is a great, blood-red swastika-cross.

The Swedes say that rum-running is not confined to fishermen and small-boat owners, — as it is without exception so far as their own countrymen are concerned, — but that important German firms are engaged in the business, and that there are insurance companies that issue policies against the loss of cargoes. To this charge it is fair to answer that such firms are entirely outside the legitimate business world. Rum-running is utterly condemned in all respectable German shipping and commercial circles. The official organ of the Merchant Marine Society not long ago published a vigorous editorial condemning rum-running into foreign countries and proposed that the name of any firm or person engaging in that sort of business should be publicly posted on the bulletins of the Marine Exchange. The same journal printed the following report by the *Hamburg Seeamt* of the loss of a vessel: 'The misfortune is connected with the fact that the vessel was engaged in illicit rum-running into Finland, and it is deeply to be deplored that a German captain lowered himself to engage in this business, and that a German shipowner descended to chartering a vessel for such a purpose.'

To come back to the T. V. 3: the night passed without incident. The following day we continued our cruise. Finally we sighted smoke near one of the outer islands. Approaching cautiously, we surprised two rum-runners at a genuine Swedish *smorgasbord*. Their crews did not show the slightest concern. Our Captain asked if they had spirits aboard. They reported 'No!' and laughed at us. Thereupon we began a search that lasted for several hours, through all the fishermen's cabins, in every cleft of the rocky island shore, and in the little pine-groves above. At the same time two men took the yawl and visited all the surrounding bays and beaches, searching the water below with a sort of gigantic submarine opera-glass. But in vain. Either the rum-runners were just preparing to visit a liquor-boat anchored outside the three-mile limit, or we did not have a good divining-rod. At least, we made no captures.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# TEL AVIV, PALESTINE'S BOOM TOWN

BY DOCTOR WOLFGANG VON WEISL

From *Vossische Zeitung, January 22*
(Berlin Liberal Daily)

Fifteen years ago a town was founded on the sand dunes north of the old Palestine city of Jaffa. A handful of Jaffa's worthy burghers borrowed money to purchase a strip of beach halfway between that city and the Arab cemetery. The sum invested was $60,000, and it was loaned by the Jewish National Fund.

The romantic founders — for these people are incorrigibly romantic — christened the new settlement Tel Aviv — 'Spring Hill'; and a most unsuitable name it was, for there is not a sign of a hill in the vicinity, and Spring gives as scanty evidence of her presence in these barren sands as anywhere in the world.

Yet the enterprise prospered. Slowly people began to migrate from Jaffa, the dirty, ill-smelling harbor-town, and to set up new homes 'out there by the sea.' A sort of bungalow suburb grew up. Jewish merchants lived there while keeping their places of business in Jaffa. Houses began to dot the sands. In 1919 there were some seventy of them, and by the outbreak of the war more than two hundred. That was a colossal achievement for these days and conditions.

But at this period the heart of the town, and indeed its very reason for existence, was the Herzl Gymnasium, the first Hebrew secondary school in the world. Young people were sent to Spring Hill from Russia, Poland, and America to study. Half of the people in the village made their living boarding these strangers. The others supported themselves in Jaffa. With nearly eight hundred young Jew and Jewess students — for coeducation was adopted from the outset — adding life to the village streets, an indulgent eye might see some shadow of an excuse for the vernal part of the town's name.

But to-day! To-day the Gymnasium has become a comparatively unimportant incident in the life of the new city. It has grown, to be sure, and even as I write is adding to its plant in order to accommodate larger classes. But Spring Hill now lives neither for the school nor upon the school. It is no longer a bungalow suburb, but a rapidly growing manufacturing and commercial city.

Six months ago I wrote that the population of Spring Hill was 18,000 and its area one thousand acres. But to-day the place claims from 25,000 to 27,000 inhabitants and its area can be stated only provisionally and approximately, for new additions are being platted almost daily. When the Palestine High Commissioner asked Major Campbell, the Governor of Jaffa, for a plan of the place, that gentleman could not give him one. He excused himself by saying: 'Before a survey could be completed it would be out of date. We cannot keep pace with the city's growth.' Last month eighty new buildings were completed, and some four hundred others, including two large factories, — one of them a silk mill, — were under construction.

But Tel Aviv is farther from being a Spring Hill than ever before. Every



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

resident with any æsthetic instinct raves against the bad taste and the ugliness of this purely Jewish city. In fact, it is good form in better circles to shake one's head sadly whenever the town is mentioned. The city architect laments: the place is built without any plan whatever — a street here and a street there, just as the caprice or profit of the landowner dictated. No fine avenues, no unity, no distinction. And the same is true of the houses. Each man built to suit himself, wherever he owned a scrap of land. If he had plenty of money he erected a lofty structure; if he had little, a single-story barracks. One householder rejoices in an imitation Oriental palace with four floors and a flat roof, and his next-door neighbor in a mediæval castle of Wilhelmenic Gothic with a red-tile roof. And this town is supposed to be an embodiment of the new Jewish culture! No wonder people of good taste protest!

Yet personally I do not consider this such a tragedy. I cannot apologize for the houses. They are really detestable. Their architecture is almost as bad as that of modern Berlin. But I am impressed by the vitality of the place. It has not waited for a high and mighty Zionist Executive to draw its plans. It has not delayed until eminent architects designed ultramodern houses — with no doors and with invisible windows — to line its streets. It has sprung up of itself, without financial nursing, — except the original loan I mentioned, — and without the fussy interference of outsiders. Of course, that is all very irregular, I admit; but there is one consolation: the cities founded by the wise Palestine officialdom may be very beautiful, but unfortunately they refuse to grow; there is not another town in the whole country that is prospering like Tel Aviv.

What started the boom? Like every other thing in Palestine which the Jews have made a conspicuous success, the necessity of the moment. They have the hostility of the Arabs to thank for it.

On the first of May, 1921, a bloody pogrom suddenly broke out in the narrow streets and alleys of ancient Jaffa. The Arab police joined the mob of pillaging and murdering wharf-rats against the Jews. The English troops, with the exception of Major Jeune, their commandant, who, revolver in hand, personally defended the Jewish Immigrant Home, did not attempt to interfere. Some fifty Jews and rather more Arabs were killed without the Government's lifting a finger.

This pogrom made the fortunes of Tel Aviv. Within an hour the Jewish Defense Force had drawn a cordon between Tel Aviv and the Arab quarter of Jaffa. No Arab was allowed to enter the former city; no Jew was allowed to enter Jaffa. And an hour later — this time with the help of the authorities — a systematic Jewish evacuation of Jaffa, where Jews and Moslems had lived together peaceably for eighty years, was under way. Automobiles brought the Jews with all their belongings to Tel Aviv, while the Arabs were compelled to leave the buildings they occupied in the neighboring suburbs. Forty-eight hours later this transfer of population was completed.

The pogrom refugees camped in the open, where tents were hurriedly provided for them. After three or four days of helpless bewilderment, the authorities set these refugees to work building streets and clearing the ground for new houses. They were preëmptorily informed that they would not be permitted to return to Jaffa. Later some advances were made from the Jewish National Fund to buy land for these homeless people. The city authorities gave them employment. Two or three able-bodied young fellows

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would buy a brick-press operated by hand and start a brickyard. Many of the builders made their own adobe-blocks. A family first erected a temporary shed, then a kitchen, later a sleeping-room. As soon as a second sleeping-room could be added, it was rented. So the buildings grew, little by little. Many are not finished yet.

About the same time several public works in other parts of Palestine were stopped, and there was an influx of unemployed. An appropriation was made to give them work — only $10,000, a sum entirely inadequate to provide jobs for several hundred men, but enough to make a start.

The superintendent of the Immigration Department, Mr. Gordon, went among these people and asked them: 'Don't you want to build yourself homes?' Naturally they answered yes. 'All right, I 'll provide you with streets, water, and sewers — whatever you need to develop your building-sites.'

'But how shall we pay for them?'

'You can give your notes for the improvements.'

Notes? That sounded easy, and Mr. Gordon received his notes, payable in fifteen years. Naturally such notes are not liquid assets. He took them to the City Council and said: 'Your town is naturally interested in this development. You must advance this money.' But the town did not have ready money, so it took the fifteen-year notes and gave its own note for them, payable in five years. That made things a little easier. A careful estimate was made of the cost of the proposed improvements. If the streets were paved with stone the materials would cost seventy per cent and the labor thirty per cent. If they were paved with concrete, the materials would cost thirty per cent and the labor seventy per cent. As the object was to find work for the unemployed, concrete was adopted, and Tel Aviv now has the first concrete roads in the Levant.

When the material had been settled upon, a firm was persuaded to advance the materials on fifty-per-cent credit. This still left a considerable sum to be raised in cash. The day's wages were set at $1.50, fifty per cent to be paid down, and the remainder at some future date. Of the cash, part was provided in food and merchandise, which was advanced by the Consumers' Union, which in turn obtained the goods on credit with the endorsement of the Zionist Executive. The Labor Bank advanced a thousand dollars or so. The Zionist Executive eventually took up the notes that the municipality had issued, and work started. There was not enough employment to keep everyone busy, so the refugees were divided into three sections, each of which was given a two-day shift a week. That covered the cost of their subsistence, and thus Tel Aviv began to boom.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# ACROSS THE SAHARA. II

BY HENRI DE KERILLIS

From *L'Écho de Paris, January* 8, 10, 12, 14, 19, 21
(Clerical Daily)

At 4 A.M. on November 21, as I still lay rolled in my blankets half-awake, dreamily listening to the drivers tinkering at their machines, the orderlies talking in an undertone, and Madame Delingette, the first one up, making coffee over an alcohol lamp, I heard the Marshal ask: 'What time is it?'

'Four o'clock, *Monsieur le Maréchal*,' answered an orderly.

No further remark came from the Marshal's tent. Like a good soldier, having still half an hour before him, he was instantly sound asleep again. He even snored.

The long day that followed stands out in my memory the most vividly of any during our Saharan passage. For a time we rolled across a Tanezruft identical with that of the preceding day — the same atmosphere of fire and the same boundless horizon quivering under the heat. But soon we noticed a gradual change in the aspect of the country. We were crossing the theoretical border between the Sahara and the Sudan. The little pebbles of the Reg lost their uniformity; the soil grew redder. We were conscious of slight — very gentle — descents and ascents, as if we were crossing vast shallow valleys. The change was very gradual. It took twelve hours' steady travel to reach the southern outthrusts of the Hammada, with its vast expanses of great irregular boulders. We were approaching the southern edge of the Sahara — a country vaguely similar to the Northern border, as if the mighty ocean of the Tanezruft were lapping a rough and rock-bound coast.

By nightfall we were crossing at intervals bare stretches of black polished rock, real lava-fields. We also caught sight of wide sandy spaces where little tufts of yellow herbs appeared at intervals, like withered bouquets. These were the first outposts of the boundless Sudan bush, which serves as cover for Africa's beasts of prey and for warring races — Numidian, Arab, and Tuareg — no less savage than they.

We were forewarned to be on our guard along this part of our route, for the marches of the Sudan have an evil reputation. Raiders descend upon them from the Gold Coast and from Morocco — savage Moors who walk beside their swift camels in order that the latter may be fresh to pursue when their victims cross their path. These bandits live on a few dried dates, and constantly wander in bands that sometimes reach three hundred rifles from well to well, by trails known only to themselves, raiding flocks, attacking our outposts, carrying on against us a skillful, relentless, and savage war.

During 1923 and 1924, after ten years of comparative calm, these rovers suddenly resumed their bloody forays. We heard practically nothing in France of the fight at Dayet in September 1923, when we had a whole garrison exterminated; of the tragic death of Lieutenant Bédrines the following November; of the attack on



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Port-Etienne, valiantly defended by Lieutenant La Rumeur, last March; of the fight of the twenty-third of last October, where Lieutenant Chalmel was seriously wounded; and of the savage encounter that our Adrar camel troops and the three Arouanit squadrons later had with these same scourges of the desert. It took only a few rifles captured from the Spaniards and the exhortations of a bold bandit-leader, secretly encouraged by an influential Morocco chieftain, to revive the fire of fanaticism among these savage descendants of the hordes who once conquered the Songhoi Empire and burned Timbuktu.

Consequently we were very anxious to reach the well of Tasili that night, for we knew that a guard had been stationed there to meet us. But luck was against us. We had already been delayed by tire trouble and by a few slight deviations from our route, when, about 7 P.M., one of the machines broke down. Our mechanics, after examining it, said repairs would take at least an hour. Gaston Gradis decided to leave the fourth car behind to assist the crippled vehicle, while the two others, including the one in which I was traveling, hastened ahead toward the approaches of Tasili, where the difficulties of the terrain might make it necessary to try several different routes.

Our companions were instructed to rejoin us as soon as possible. But the night was dark. After proceeding for a long time through difficult country, we finally brought up in a chaos of boulders ending in the rocky bed of Wadi Imezzaren, where we found ourselves practically imprisoned. After spending nearly an hour hunting vainly for some outlet, we decided to camp where we were. Our companions had not yet arrived. We were considerably worried to have our little party divided in a country infested by raiders, and sat up until late hoping to see the glare of their headlights toward the North. But the horizon remained black. Evidently they were at least twenty or twenty-five miles away.

As a matter of fact, they did not overtake us until just before sunrise. When we compared our impressions of the night before, during which everybody but the Marshal and Madame Delingette had stood watch in turn, we all remarked that, though we were still in the Sahara, the desert of dead silence lay behind us. We had reached the zone of night life; and as if to emphasize this fact, even as we spoke a startling 'Hi-han! Hi-han!' greeted the dawn from a little distance, and we saw a lost donkey approaching at a trot.

We had camped only a few kilometres from our day's destination, and by 7 A.M. we were at the well of Tasili, where fifty scouts were waiting to receive us.

This proved to be a picturesque halting-place. The well is situated in the bottom of the deep, sandy Wadi of Tasili. A hundred or more fine palm trees surround it. It is enclosed on the north by a sort of natural wall, on the summit of which the bordj is perched, while to the southward a sombre chaos of wild, contorted country rolls away to the base of the imposing Adrar des Iforas range, the loftiest heights in the Sahara. This wadi is not permanently inhabited. Our Sudanese rangers call there once or twice a year, and the Tuaregs of Adrar come at the date season. At other times the only visitors are an occasional band of nomads or raiders who stop for water.

We spent twenty-four hours at Tasili, and made it a general bath and wash day. In fact, it was the first time since we started that we had an abundance of water. Our linen dried in five minutes under the hot sun. Toward

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evening, when it grew a little cooler, some of us made a short excursion into the rocky country beyond. I never saw such fantastic formations, doubtless the product of the violent volcanic activities of an earlier age. Huge blocks of stone have been hurled against each other, precipitated down steep declivities, or borne hither and thither by the fierce torrents that sweep through these shallow valleys after the rare but violent Sahara tempests. Lofty precipices and broken stretches of black cliff dominate this rocky chaos. We had to be constantly on our guard against the venomous vipers that abound in this stony country, as well as against the tiny but terrible *serpents minutes* that hide under the palm leaves. Gaston Gradis showed us traces of rock-carvings. We identified rude drawings of wild goats, antelopes, and a wild boar with its head surmounted by the solar disk. Ancient authors record the fact that the savage tribes of the Sahara oases worshiped the wild boar.

We did not return to the well until dusk, after watching the sun set behind the sombre Hammada in a marvelous sea of scarlet that tinged the black stones around us with the ruddy glow of a furnace.

We left Tasili the next morning at five o'clock, heading directly for the Niger, and almost immediately plunged into the bush. We skirted fields of blond, pale herbage as neutral-colored as the land from which it springs or the beasts that pasture on it. Scrawny thorn bushes, scrubby mimosas, stunted acacias, and fragrant thorn-apple trees dotted the landscape. Bald-headed vultures hung motionless in the hot air as if they were suspended there by wires. The breeze bore faint odors of withered vegetation to our nostrils. Life thus appeared again, and the true desert ended long before we reached the Niger's banks — here in these desolate, sandy wastes where wells are still fifty or sixty miles apart, where Tuareg nomads wander with their flocks and rare caravans wend their monotonous way. Game was becoming fairly abundant — antelopes, gazelles, leopards, hyenas, giraffes, and lions. These animals are rarely disturbed in this thicket country, where men are few and far between and hunt only their own kind, and therefore they show little fear. We passed large troops of gazelles that for the most part took no notice of our presence. But at intervals one would suddenly fall into a panic and stampede his companions. Then we would witness a wild scampering of these graceful animals, who bounded easily over the very summits of the dwarf trees. We shot a few *kongas*, or Sudan partridges, and a fine gazelle for supper. It would have been easy to slaughter a hundred.

This was a hard day for our chauffeurs, because the road was wretched and our machines danced a perpetual jig over the broken ground. We made only a little more than one hundred miles in thirteen hours. The thorns worked havoc with our tires. We halted at 6 P.M. in country just like that we had been crossing all day long. Madame Delingette converted the gazelle into grilled brains, a liver sauté, and a roast, so we dined sumptuously off three game courses and some tinned fruit. After that we begged Grimm, one of the soldiers, — a German, by the way, who had served on a Kiel submarine during the war and torpedoed several French vessels, but who had later joined our Foreign Legion and was now the Marshal's orderly, — to carry the remnants of the meal some distance from camp in order not to attract the jackals.

Thus we spent the night between the twenty-third and twenty-fourth of November in the midst of the bush,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

resuming our course toward the Niger at the first blush of dawn. As we proceeded southward, the bush grew denser, the pale herbage rose higher, and the thorn bushes became veritable little trees filled with locusts and long-winged beetles. Now and then we descried a vulture perched motionless on their summits. The land lay in a series of regular undulations, like the swells of the ocean. Where it was exposed to the wind or the rock came close to the surface there were broad empty spaces across which gazelles and antelopes galloped like race horses on our approach. A steady wind hummed a low melancholy chord through the tops of the thorn trees.

Although we proceeded slowly, we were nearly bounced off the seats at every revolution of the wheels. The machines crushed through the dry weeds with a steady cram-cram, and the vicious thorns scratched us through our gloves and clothing until we bled. The gazelles, which were becoming wilder now, fled at our approach — some vanishing like a flash in a straight headlong charge, others bounding away in a series of leisurely leaps, descending each time on all four feet, like mechanical toys. I shot a fine Sudanese jackal larger than a wolf. A growling leopard slunk hastily across our way. Guinea fowl glided through the grass, absolutely indifferent to the rattle of our shotguns, and flocks of pigeons rose at our approach.

On the heights of Tabankort we came upon an encampment of fifty scouts. They had erected a circular rampart of thorn trees, — a more redoubtable obstacle against sudden attack than a barbed-wire entanglement, — and had sentries posted. Our arrival was unexpected, and the shy young lieutenant in command was tremendously embarrassed to find himself suddenly face to face with a Marshal of France. He said that he was scouting for raiders, who had killed several men farther down the trail toward Kidal.

Sixty or seventy miles farther on we met quite different customers — a Tuareg encampment near an obscure well. A chief, surrounded by his sons, his sword at his side, was supervising the slow labors of his stalwart black slaves, who were watering sheep from leather buckets. His low tents of camelskin were pitched farther on. We did not catch sight of this camp until we were immediately upon it, for following native custom it was purposely made lower than the surrounding bush.

Although these Tuaregs had never seen an automobile, they viewed our machines with lofty indifference. The father, who had the airs of a grandee despite his rags, approached us with slow, stately steps, his right hand lifted in the air as a sign of respect and greeting. He belonged to a tribe whose members are supposed to be of Berber origin and relatively recent arrivals in the southern marches of the Sudan, who have exterminated to the last man the most warlike of the conquering Arabs who preceded them. When the French occupied the country these people furiously resisted our intrusion. The extermination of our Bonnier expedition is but one tragic episode of the fighting that followed. Their last revolt occurred as recently as 1916, and was suppressed only after much bloodshed.

We resumed our journey without being able to exchange a single word with the old patriarch, for the Tuaregs do not speak Arabic, and Gaston Gradis's very limited vocabulary proved useless. The Tuareg chief returned to his camp, where a handsome woman, quite indifferent to our passing, was making her toilette with sand.

Soon after leaving this point we hit

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a clearer road and the ground became less difficult. This enabled us to travel after sunset. Our headlights picked up many animals, particularly jerboas, — resembling tiny kangaroos, — jackals, lynxes, and wild cats. These would stop transfixed in the glare as if caught in a trap, then vanish like a flash in the darkness.

All at once we experienced a strange sensation. The pure dry air that had burned our lungs for days suddenly brought to our nostrils an indefinable perfume of water — a marvelous sensation of freshness. We all instinctively and simultaneously drew deep breaths. Before we could speak one of the soldiers shouted: 'Bourem! Bourem!'

Our headlights illumined the white walls of a bordj. We ascended a hill, descended the opposite side, and then suddenly plunged into a broad sheet of still water that seemed to shudder in the moving light. We had reached the Niger. We had crossed the Sahara. It was 9 P.M. on November 24, ten days after leaving the railhead at Kolomb-Bechar.

# AT THE PLAY IN CENTRAL EUROPE

BY I. B.

From the *Manchester Guardian, January* 19, 20, and 30
(RADICAL LIBERAL DAILY)

To arrive back in England and buy the evening paper on the rain-swept Folkestone quay was to meet the inevitable irony: an English theatre-manager was announcing that his countrymen would not spend an evening in the playhouse unless they were allowed to smoke. One was back in the country where the hour of the play is determined by the hour of dinner; one had left the country where the hour of the meal is determined by the hour of the play. One was returning to the city where the process of gathering an audience is only too often a matter of publicity campaigns and concessions to smokers. In Prague an obscure notice is put up to the effect that the week's plays in the National Theatre will be this and that, a Shaw, a Shakespeare, a Czech opera, a new play from Belgium, and immediately the main concern of the management is to prevent the theatre from being dangerously overcrowded.

Prague is a city with rather less than three quarters of a million inhabitants, and it has fourteen theatres; the three chief Czech theatres are the National (Bohemian State) Theatre, the Municipal Theatre, and the Old Theatre. The National Theatre was built by voluntary contributions, and no sooner built than burned down in a disastrous fire; no sooner was it burned than it was rebuilt — again by voluntary contributions. This was under Austrian rule; it is now established, and has public aid, which it needs, not from any lack of public support, but because it includes expensive operatic productions in its repertory. Its prices are cheap compared with London standards, but not so cheap when one remembers that middle-class salaries are extremely low

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in Prague. Its audience is gigantic, punctual, and attentive; in what we call the pit everybody has to stand, and there the students gather to stand, without a fidget or a shuffle, close-packed, for three hours on end. Attendance at the theatre in Prague is more like an act of worship than a spell of relaxation; one Czech told the writer: 'I do not go to the theatre because I do not hunger for it.' That is the mood: the mentally hungry go there, and there are many with this appetite.

The fare has quality and quantity and is essentially international. The hungry want something hard on which to bite; Barrie has been translated, but proved far too insubstantial. The Czech, like the Irishman, keeps his sentiment for the national question; in other matters he is realistic, tough-minded, and relentless in his quest of an idea that can be argued, argued, argued. Not for nothing do his tea-parties begin at five and end in the reaches of the night. He is not discussing the weather (that he regards as a peculiarly English foible), but, getting to grips with the major problems of the universe, Shaw is his man. For here is a dramatist who will argue for three hours and can be taken home to the stove-side for another three and thirty hours of disputation. Thus are the hungry fed.

*Saint Joan* was not the best of the productions recently visible in Prague; compared with the London version it failed in dignity, but it must be remembered that the National Theatre simply took *Saint Joan* in its repertory stride and played it along with a dozen other pieces of almost similar challenge, nor had it the author to supervise the scanty rehearsals that repertory allows. Moreover, the leading producer of Prague, Hiller, has been absent through illness, and the work of one of his assistants, Dostal, himself an actor of the first quality, was better seen in a new piece from Belgium, *The Other Messiah*, by M. Henri Soumagne. This is a play of furious tempo in which a drunken man in a Polish tavern argues the case against religion, fights four rounds with a believer, mixing fisticuffs with word of mouth, and finally falls into a series of visions. The play mocks bitterly the gods of all the creeds, but not the idea of God, and some of its delirious fantasy suggests the influence of James Joyce. Prague has a censor who permitted one trial performance, and the play has not been played since; there was something of a counter-demonstration in the middle, and some of the audience left. There is a plausible argument for a censorship in the case of a publicly supported theatre where plays may be staged that are seriously offensive to the religious opinions of many taxpayers. In countries where religion and politics are intermixed, and faith is believed by many Radicals to be merely the trappings of secular reaction, with consequent embitterments and misunderstandings, such plays are best in private theatres. The believer has a genuine grievance when he sees his taxes being devoted to the presentation of God the Father as a jester in evening dress.

Of the presentation of this extraordinary piece one can speak only in terms of highest praise. The lurid vehemence of the acting and the nightmare quality of the picture made a poignant unity of intellectual distress; the long-drawn fight with arms and arguments was more than a monstrous demonstration of physical endurance. It had the intensity of a dream, which can so far outstrip the intensity of reality. Here the producer had gone into the fever hospital where the lunatic, the lover, and the poet may lie together, and had brought back the blood-shot vision in the simplest, starkest frame.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But Prague's imagination is not all concentrated on furious issues. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Municipal Theatre showed the lightest and most dexterous fancy. In the former play one saw a devil-haunted tavern; here was a fairy-haunted wood. The producer, M. Nademlejnsky, had worked mainly in black and white with silvery semitones, and the effect of a world bewitched was gained thoroughly and without labor. Every tree-trunk suggested a hobgoblin, and the machinery of fairyland aeronautics and Puckish trapdoors was mercifully absent. The foursome of mortal lovers were boys and girls touched by the moon, and Oberon was king of a castle whose architect was pure imagination. But the quaint thing, to an English mind, was the Slavonic conception of Bottom. The artisans wore the trousers of the modern workshop instead of the conventional tunics of mock Athens. But the trousers were no proof against elvish infection. This Bottom had never been in Warwickshire; he was neither blunt nor bully, but an oaf turned 'fey,' and given more to excited gibbering than to mighty roaring. The contrast between earthy artisans and woodland spirits was lost; but one had instead a curiously beautiful essay in the Russian style as Bottom gamboled and twittered like some fantastic bird of the Athenian glades.

Another link with Russia was to be seen in the production of Gogol's *Revisor*, known to us as *The Inspector-General*. This jolly, rattling farce is about a young nobleman who stays on at a village inn because he cannot pay his bills; the village gossips decide that he must be a peculiarly subtle police-inspector, and the local dignitaries are persuaded to make all manner of obeisance. There is opportunity here for the routine of obvious fooling, but the producer, M. Serov, lifted it right out of the obvious rut by giving it a touch of circus technique. The two village gossips were almost of the sawdust ring, with their odd wigs, clownish gesture, and pattering style; but it was a hint and no more. Fantasy tinged the farce without destroying its essentially robust quality or giving entrance to the feebly whimsical. It was easy to recognize the impress of the Moscow Art Theatre in the exquisite teamwork of the villagers and the delicate delineation of the social flourishes and alarums. No one after seeing this performance could deny the Czech's ability to escape from the tense discussion theatre which he loves to the other stage of fancy-free.

A performance of Karel Čapek's *R.U.R.* in Prague, where it is still played at intervals, shows that our English version was far too pink at the nether tip. The ending in the native production stresses far less the emotional escape from an intellectual dilemma, but what most strikes the English mind is the comparatively ordinary presentation of the Robots. On our stage they were almost ghoulish emanations of the forge, seemingly clad in metal tissue. In Prague they are close cousins to normal factory-workers, their uniform a stiff blue overall. They neither astonish nor terrify the Western mind, presumably for the reason that we are so much hardened to machine production and the rigidity of human types that we must see the thing in violent emphasis to see it at all. But Prague is still a country town, and it has been so long the battle-ground of races that it is without a racial type, despite its keen national impulse. In a French or German town you know exactly the kind of figure you will see; but Prague is essentially a city of variety in human as in architectural façades.

There is no typically Bohemian face or coloring, and the whole aspect of the



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

streets is varied, vivid, and un-Robot-ish. Therefore to put on the stage a dozen creatures all looking exactly alike is to astound the Bohemian audience; there is no need to drive home the point by making them metallic or grotesque. Their power to terrify lies in their similarity alone. This is their menace and the world's offense. So Prague condemns us by putting twelve men in a row, a simple indictment. But then the Czech stage likes the strength of simplicity, be it in Smetana's jolly rustic operettas or Shakespeare's fairyland, as much as it likes to grapple with *Il Furioso* in the more violent dramaturgy of 'expressionism.'

Vienna does not share the German tendency to run violently after new things in the arts. Mr. Shaw has just accused it of being obstinately romantic in its tastes and of having failed to shake off entirely the touch of the Turk. But this idea of a city that likes its arts to be flushed and even furious will not commend itself to the visitor of today. The Viennese theatre, at least, will strike him as a friendly home to the play of formal cut and to the acting that has style and grace. At the playhouse associated with Max Reinhardt's name he may find that trim piece of English fun, *The Dover Road*. With German memories in mind, he will expect the house of Mr. Latimer to be far more fantastical than it was in the English production, and the butler, Dominic, to be a menial of most menacing and eerie domination. But no tricks are played; no electrician endeavors to add the mystery of sharply contrasted light and shade. The style of it all is as modest and matter-of-fact as may be, and the excellence lies not in emphasis but in ease, which has something of Paris in its facile motion.

The Viennese actor has a flair for light comedy and glancing, slender wit. Milne's mood is not that of Schnitzler, the Viennese dramatist, whose work has crossed the world. But its medium of presentation is similar, and it would be hard to find in London two women playing with so sure a partnership in mischief as the actresses in this version of *The Dover Road*. At the Haymarket we had Miss Athène Seyler, but she was not well partnered. In Vienna the level of acting among the actresses is at least as high as that among the men. It is the particular weakness of the London stage that whereas there are a few women whose radiance is electrical there are many more whose light is of the flickering taper's quality.

At the Reinhardt Theatre one found polish; at the magnificent Burgtheater an appropriate magnificence. Here was to be seen, for instance, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and it was a glimpse that will endure in memory. England seems pitifully nervous of approaching this mighty tragedy; it has been played (inadequately) at the Old Vic, and Mr. Henry Baynton has gallantly made his shot at it. But the proportion of English playgoers who have seen it must be far less than the proportion of Austrian and German playgoers, although it contains many of the wildest and loveliest flowers of Shakespeare's passionate utterance.

It demands acting of the most heroic stature, acting that can distill from mortal love a distressful beauty that is not of Nile or Tiber, of time or space. It is the epical immensity of the lovers that is so vast a challenge to the players: two sensualists are at odds with fate and find their doom. It is almost a police-court story, if you strip it bare. Yet Shakespeare has charged his final scenes with an agony that is cosmic in its sweep and with a nobility that shrivels up the sensual bodies in a flame of loveliness. Cleopatra must be at once a strumpet and a leaping spirit;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Antony must pass through lecherous dalliance to the commanding qualities of an austere and Roman majesty.

The producer for the Burgtheater resisted all temptation to hold the gorgeous East in fee. Herr Heine and his decorator, Herr Roller, gave us but a hint of Cleopatra's trappings, and used the enormous spaces of their stage to suggest pomp, not to mimic it. The acting was never impeded by labored efforts to pile spectacle on spectacle, and it fully deserved the respect paid to it. The Cleopatra of Lotte Medelsky was superb in its intensity of passion and its fluttering aspirations for a greater rôle than that of courtesan. Here was indeed the strumpet with 'immortal longings,' and in Herr Raoul Aslan she had an Antony with equal power to portray the torture of loyalties divided between sense and sensibility. Neither player flinched from the grossness of the love, yet both could exalt it with a swift transition and so become the vehicles of that tremulous world-pain which surges up through all the closing scenes.

And what a theatre for the play! The Burgtheater has been planned on a scale that makes Drury Lane seem a bandbox; its foyers and approaches would themselves make playhouses, and the imperial touch is everywhere. But now democracy can buy its seat in the royal box, and democracy had crowded the house for *Antony and Cleopatra*, and was piled, tier upon tier, up to the soaring roof, rapt by the rhythmic voices of the players and the vibrant intensity of the acting. Democracy again packed the Burgtheater to see a familiar mid-Victorian Viennese favorite, *Lampazivagabundus*, an easy-going, jocular satire upon the lazy Austrian with a taste for idleness, beer, and tobacco.

An odd affair this turned out to be, with jolly songs and the primitive clowning of all ages. It seemed a simple pleasure for such a grandiose environment, and smacked of the village. But it is very dear to Vienna, and if the intellectuals despise it they can bear in mind that the Burgtheater has its own 'little theatre' in the regal Redontensaal, and uses Maria Theresa's ballroom for the presentation of ballet and light opera and such morsels as we expect to find in Hammersmith.

Even more lordly than the Burgtheater is the Opera, Vienna's particular and legitimate pride. Here again you will find democracy pouring up through the gigantic stairways and foyers to hear old friends like *La Traviata* and attentively to follow the singing in the little books of the words which everyone seems to carry. The mounting of the opera is at once lavish and discreet; here again the Viennese sense of style is everywhere apparent, and of the quality of the orchestra and singing so much praise has been spoken that none need be added. The proud Viennese who would forcibly detain any visitor until he has been to the Opera and heard Kurz sing is not imperious without a cause. And the Englishman will feel suddenly how deeply set in the city's life is the opera. Tear it up and there would indeed be woe in widest commonalty spread; imagine that dictatorship or calamity had stopped football and racing in England and you will understand the kind of consternation that catastrophe in the opera would bring to Vienna.

It may be urged against Vienna that it is not speaking up for itself in the theatre. If you want the latest thing in dramatic expression you must have it from a German, Georg Kaiser, at the Renaissance Theatre. Shakespeare and Shaw abound. You may find A. A. Milne or H. M. Harwood, or a Barrie at intervals, and Ibsen, still powerful to attract. Budapest is more vocal,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and with Vajda and Molnar is creating its own school of expression. And Budapest has peculiar political difficulties. *Fata Morgana*, which has been successful in London and America, has only just been permitted the right of performance in its native town because the author, Vajda, is a radical!

Vienna has not given great utterance to its years of distress, but has sought to escape from despair by its perfect hospitality to the dramatic art of past times and of other nations. The operetta, of course, is still flourishing on its own ground, and the composers plod on and keep the waltzes fresh. Yet, oddly enough, a popular musical comedy may be very perfunctorily staged in Vienna and the production be no better than that of an English touring company. Perhaps for the Viennese public the music is enough, and a more exacting dramatic taste is reserved for more important matters. At all events, the exacting taste is there when the masters are being played, and Vienna, with its restraint and style, is a graceful answer to one's fear that the drama in Central Europe may be passing over into sound and fury and the rattletrap stunts of 'expressionism.'

The theatre in Central Europe is strong with the strength of a passionately wanted thing; demand for it is not fitful, or capricious, or an invalid that well-intentioned people must nurse and foster. One feels immediately the sense of a powerful and stirring social force at work upon the common mind which welcomes it.

In Paris one has always the company of theatrical memories; the theatre is a part of traditional Parisian culture, but it does not strike one as the medium of a changing, creative mind. There are exceptions; one does not forget Copeau or the work in the Champs Élysées theatres. But in general there is the domination of a tremendous tradition. Prague, on the other hand, has little tradition; a very old nation, in the process of becoming a very new one, has made the theatre one of its chief vehicles of self-expression and self-enjoyment. Therefore its theatre is experimental and ambitious; where Paris is rigid Prague is fluid. Vienna, as is natural, is more bound by a tradition of style and moderation. But the eager grasp for novelty in Prague must be infinitely attractive to anyone who cares about the theatre. For the Czech playgoing is democratic and spontaneous. It is a nightly affirmation of faith that the arts matter in communal life, and that through them thought may be quickened and all living enriched.

One result of this theatre-hunger is the extent to which the Czech tends to judge another nation by its theatre and, more generally, by its literature. The French have a Military Mission in Prague, but we have Shakespeare and Shaw upon its stage and Galsworthy and Wells in its bookshops. And that counts. In Prague one can believe that men of letters are a country's best ambassadors, whether or not they be its legislators. We may be pessimistic about our own theatre, but English plays are eagerly sought out. The formality of the French theatre and of the balanced, retrospective French mind chills the inquisitive, restless temper of the Czech, to whom the world-scrutiny and forward glance of Shaw and Wells are intensively sympathetic. In our little coteries at home we like to talk about the theatre as a channel for cleansing international relations, but it would be affectation to pretend that the average playgoer in England sees it from this angle. But in Central Europe the thing is true, and a good playwright seems to carry the weight of a dozen diplomats, though the latter may be perfect of their kind.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our rooted English distrust of collective action in æsthetic matters should receive some healthy check from an observation of the liberty which the 'established' foreign theatres enjoy. Prague has at least three theatres for which there is some degree of communal responsibility, yet the last thing which they could be called is formal or bureaucratic. The people do not grumble at the slight public burden, and the public theatres are intellectually free; officialism lays no dead hand on the director. The idea of a National Theatre in England is sometimes criticized on the ground that it might become too set in its own traditions and complacently hostile to experiment. Such doubts are natural in a country with so strong a faith in *laissez-faire* in artistic matters, but it is ridiculous to lay down a universal law from a local prejudice. The city and national theatres of Austria and Czechoslovakia certainly suggest the smallness of this danger. The fact of their establishment does not in the least deprive them of the vitality of nonconforming minds.

The Continental system of repertory differs from the normal English practice, which would be more exactly called the short-run system. The National Theatre at Prague is under bond to give thirty new productions a year, but of these a few may appear for only one or two performances. Pieces judged successful will reappear far more often, and then be passed on to the Old Theatre. The companies, therefore, instead of learning one play for a week or a fortnight and forgetting it, have to keep a dozen or more pieces in mind and play them on successive nights. This means a very heavy strain, which is met partly by the size of the companies and partly by a reliance on the prompter which we should consider excessive. The strength of this system is that a company can hardly grow stale; the weakness is that a company gets little opportunity to work itself into the perfect glove-fit of any presentation, unless the play is exceptionally popular. On the other hand, the players, when they have passed their probation and go on the establishment, have considerable security of tenure and have every opportunity for the prolonged coöperation in vicissitude which makes the best kind of teamwork. One imagines that the producers could never get their work so well in hand with their scanty allowance of rehearsals unless they knew their team thoroughly and were as thoroughly known in return. For the actor the experience is both arduous and rich, and the scandal of the one-part man, which hinders the progress of English acting, is completely avoided.

Repertory inflicts a severe but healthy restraint on decoration, or at least on spread of canvas. However spacious and noble the appointments of a theatre, it is impossible to wheel out spectacle after spectacle on following nights, even if the money would run to it. As a result, there is a continual and successful endeavor to make light do the work of paint and the scenic hint supplant scenic emphasis. It was particularly interesting to notice that the policy of breaking through the proscenium arch and bringing the actor as far as possible into the audience, on the Elizabethan model, is not extending. Nor was there any noticeable tendency toward following Reinhardt from the stage into the arena. Indeed the actual reverse was the case, and a second frame was usually put behind the proscenium arch, driving the stage back and producing the pictorial effect which the presentational school affects to despise. The second frame was used with particular skill in the case of Gogol's *Revisor* at Prague, and the semblance of an old-fashioned color-print was thus achieved in perfect harmony with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the mood of the 'period' comedy itself. At the same theatre, however, the forestage was cunningly exploited in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, again in harmony with the piece. One will not easily forget the silhouettes of the mortals limned against the silvery woodland where the fairies played and passed. In stage-strategy there was an agreeable absence of formulæ and stiff-set doctrine; the producers were suiting the method to the matter, and not serving apprenticeship to any thesis of the lecturer on theatre-craft.

One hears abroad much praise of English acting but little of English production. Prague shakes a rather mournful head over its own players, but unjustly. The force and veracity of the chief players in *The Other Messiah* needed anything but apology. What is strange is that countries with so vigorous a theatrical appetite should not be doing more to grow their own theatrical food. In Austria the older generation have Schnitzler and Hoffmannsthal, but the younger folk have not sent their names abroad. In Prague Karel Čapek is writing fairy stories and considering the political situation. It was not to be discovered that he has an adequate understudy in dramatic composition. In England plays flow in spate, with few even to notice the flood. The quality may vary, but the output is vastly in excess of the opportunities of presentation and of the probable audience. In Central Europe one has the public and seeks the author.

And what a public! To move in those tremendous national playhouses, where night after night the people swarm up in tier after tier until they seem to hang like clustered flies from the very roof, to feel the best kind of play as a thing directly and democratically needed, instead of as a coterie's toy or a collector's piece — this is for an Englishman a strange experience and a good one.

## THE SONG BIRD

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

[*Visva-Bharati Quarterly*]

When the evening steals on western waters,
Thrills the air with wings of homeless shadows,
When the sky is crowned with star-gemmed silence
And the dreams dance on the deep of slumber;
When the lilies lose their faith in morning
And in panic close their hopeless petals,
There 's a bird which leaves its nest in secret,
Seeks its song in trackless paths of heaven.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# RELATIVITY IN THE MOVIE SHOW

BY FRITZ WITKOVSKI

From *Vossische Zeitung, January* 28
(Berlin Liberal Daily)

[Scene 1. A movie show in Shanghai. Time: the present. Dramatis personæ: a Chinese lady and her son. First conversation before the show; second during the show; third on the way home.

The mother is an elderly lady from an aristocratic Chinese family. She is clad in the old style. Her little feet are bound; her heavily oiled black hair is combed flat close to her head and adorned with hairpins of jade and gold. She has the kindly, wrinkled countenance of an aristocratic old Chinese woman, except that her cheeks are slightly flushed from suppressed excitement.

The son is the type of modern young Chinaman familiar in all the treaty ports. He wears a European business-suit that fits him almost too well. His necktie, handkerchief, and socks are of the same tint. He shows toward the old lady a certain air of condescending superiority which she, in her kind-hearted innocence, fails to observe.]

Mother. I don't like it, my boy. No, I don't like it. I should have preferred not to come here. My heart is sad now that I see the kind of life you lead.

Son. Heaven save me from grieving you, Mother. What have I done to displease you?

Mother. It is n't so much your fault, but this city — the people — the young women — and I am sorry to say some of the old ones, too. They are not proper. (*She looks disapprovingly at his suit and stares indignantly at some Chinese ladies in 'reform clothes.'*) I don't like you in that suit. It is not dignified. It has n't any style, any elegance. And these women! They have a vulgar carriage in those big coarse shoes. I 'm sure their feet have never been bound. And they wear coats. That is contrary to tradition, contrary to all the teaching of our ancestors. I 'm sure it will lead to nothing good. Let foreign barbarians go about in that indecent way if they want to. No, I insist I don't believe that any good will come of it. No, it does n't please me.

Son. But Mother, it 's more progressive, and —

Mother. What do you mean by progress? Your grandfather, who was a great scholar and knew the classics, although he never went to Peking to take his examination, because he had to run the business for your great-grandfather, who was then very old — your grandfather, I say, told us that thousands of years ago, before a Son of Heaven watched over the virtue of mankind, Chinese women wore coats and Chinese men displayed their trousers like these foreigners. But later, virtuous rulers were given to the country, who introduced reforms. Our way of living became more refined, our clothing more modest and suitable. Women learned to walk with the grace of lilies waving in the wind. What do you know of progress, my son?

Son. But Mother, the times have changed —

Mother (*sadly shaking her head*). No, my son, people have changed, and



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not to their advantage. No, I don't like it.

[Their conversation is interrupted by the overture of the orchestra.]

MOTHER. What is that horrible din, my son? It tortures my ears.

SON. That 's music, Mother. They have the very best music at this theatre.

MOTHER. Music! Do you take me for a fool? I know music when I hear it! The sweet complaining of the flute, the soft wail of the fiddle like wind blowing through the mulberry trees, and the sweet singing of maidens. Have I not often heard it? Was n't I well brought up? Have you lost all respect for your parents, my son? Would you tell your mother that that barbarous racket is music? No, I don't like it here. Let us go back to the house of our relatives, where everything is quiet and respectable.

SON. But I 'm sure you will like the film, Mother. It 's one of the best pictures we have had for a long time. I 'm sure it will please you.

MOTHER. All right, I 'll wait then. I shall not give you an excuse to say that your old mother is obstinate. But I 'm sure I shall not like it.

[Meanwhile the theatre is darkened and the representation begins. The old lady, against her will, is tremendously interested. She asks her son a thousand questions — how they can make a picture that moves, and what the actors are supposed to be saying. She is rapidly becoming reconciled.]

MOTHER. Yes, it 's wonderful. I can't understand it, and you don't explain it very well, but it is surely wonderful. I don't know what they have such things for, and whether they make us any better and more virtuous, but it is surely wonderful, just like your railways and steamships. Yet after all, we don't really need such things.

[As she sinks back contented and the picture begins to please her, a scene from a modern ballet is thrown on the screen. The old lady straightens up like a shot, drops one of the jade cylinders from her hair, seizes her son by the hand, and drags him out of the theatre as fast as her little feet can carry her.]

MOTHER (*deeply grieved and almost in tears*). You don't love and respect your mother. You have lost all your virtue associating with the barbarians. I shall write your father to have you come home at once. You shall marry and begin to lead a proper life.

SON. But Mother —

MOTHER. Don't contradict me. I 'm a progressive woman. But these things go directly against progress. They show life as it was thousands and thousands of years ago, just as your grandfather told us, before people had learned to dress properly. Young people must be progressive. No arguing! You are coming home with me.

[SCENE 2. A theatre in Chicago. Dramatis personæ: an American lady and her son. Time: the present. First conversation before the representation; second conversation during the representation.

The mother is obviously a lady of education and culture. She is well dressed, though just a shade out of fashion. Her hair, which is beginning to turn gray, is in permanent waves. She wears costly rings on two fingers of her left hand. Her face is kindly and wholesome, and she regards the stalwart son who sits beside her with motherly pride.

The son is a typical American university, standardized, quantity-output

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

product. He is splendidly set-up and athletic, good-looking, and well dressed but not overdressed. He exhibits to his still handsome mother all the courtesy that a well-bred young man should show a lady, plus a sort of playful gallantry.]

MOTHER. How jolly it is to be with you again, my son. I 'm awfully glad to see you. But still — I don't like this big city. And you have changed a great deal.

SON. Yes, Mother dear. We get about a little faster here than back at home. You know the city makes us progressive.

MOTHER. Yes, I almost believe you. But the people! Heavens, what has come over them? Women with their heads shingled like boys, and such clothing! Grandmothers that try to look like their granddaughters. Just imagine, Aunt Clara 's learning to dance, and she 's going on fifty-five.

SON. Honestly, the only thing people are afraid of here is growing old. Just stay a while, Mother, and I 'm sure you 'll be learning the latest dance-steps, too.

MOTHER. Let your mother stay as she is, my boy. There should be one person in every family who keeps up the old traditions.

[Meanwhile the theatre has been darkened, and the representation begins. The first film shows pictures of a great flood in China — ruined houses, long lines of refugees, all the dreadful accompaniments of such a disaster.]

MOTHER. Oh, those poor people! And to think that such things still happen in our enlightened and progressive world. Just see those little children, absolutely naked, and their mothers in horrible rags. Look, there are two women with bound feet. I thought that was forbidden by law now in China. Those people are a thousand years behind the age.

SON. Don't get excited about it, Mother. Even they are making progress. I 've just had a letter from a friend in Shanghai. He says that the Chinese are becoming great movie-fans.

MOTHER. How interesting! They will surely learn from the pictures how we civilized people live, and drop their out-of-date ideas. Since you mention it, how long do you suppose it would take me to learn the fox-trot?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# WHAT DOES DARWINISM AMOUNT TO?

BY J. B. S. HALDANE

From the *Saturday Review, January* 3 and 10
(ENGLISH TORY WEEKLY)

No competent biologist doubts the reality of evolution — a process, that is to say, by which the men, other animals, and plants existing to-day were derived from ancestors of a very different character in the past. A few biologists who are also theologians tend to confine the process within rather narrow limits, but even they do not believe that every animal species is now exactly as it was created. When, however, the causes of evolution are considered, there is the very greatest disagreement, and hence occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. Thus, when Bateson expressed a very legitimate doubt as to whether natural selection will explain evolution, the press and pulpit informed us that Darwinism was out of date, and that biologists were doubting man's descent from animals. They perhaps forgot that Darwin himself did not believe natural selection to be the sole cause of evolution; nor was he the first to teach the animal ancestry of man.

By natural selection is meant the perpetuation by heredity of such chance variations from the normal of a species as are better fitted to survive than the previously existing type. The first question which we have to ask is whether inheritable variations are really fortuitous or due to some directing agency. In one species of fly, over four hundred distinct mutations of this kind are recorded among many million flies which have been bred in captivity. One, possibly two, of these are neutral, — that is to say, of no disadvantage to their possessors, — and the other four hundred are definitely harmful. None is of the least value, except in so far as it interests biologists and thus enables its possessors to found a family. Of course, if we confine our attentions to wild animals we shall get a different impression, for a very disadvantageous variation is soon extinguished, and only the neutral or valuable are likely to fall into the collector's hands in any numbers. There is no evidence for an influence guiding variation, and the numerical laws which it obeys are the same laws of chance which determine the probability of obtaining a given combination of cards in a bridge hand.

The phrase 'survival of the fittest' has been rather a stumblingblock. 'Perpetuation of the fittest' would perhaps better convey the facts. Natural selection favors a given variation from the type if, and only if, the individuals possessing it are represented in the next generation by more descendants than are the average of the population. Here are two female deer. One has unusually good teeth, and is thus enabled to give her young an unusually large supply of milk. The other is unusually courageous and self-sacrificing, and thus protects her young from lions and other foes, finally perhaps dying as the result of her courage. Both will be represented by more children than the average in the next generation, and in so far as their characters are inheritable they will



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

both be perpetuated by natural selection, which may therefore be an agent in promoting altruistic, as well as self-preserving, activities and instincts.

A generation or more ago someone made the statement that natural selection had never been seen at work, and from time to time it is repeated. I can here give only one example of its actual working-out of the many recorded. Near Middlesbrough there are several birch woods. About 1885 one of these was displaced by pines and larches, and the effect on the moth *Oporabia autumnata* noticed. This moth exists in light and dark varieties, which differ in size and time of hatching. Harrison, of Newcastle upon Tyne, counted the number of living moths of each type in the two woods which he could find in a given time, and also the number of wings of moths which had been killed by owls, night-jars and bats, which are their chief enemies. In the birch wood there were five times as many light moths as dark; in the pine wood twenty-three times as many dark as light. But yet in the birch wood more dark than light insects had been killed by bats and birds, because the former showed up better against the birch trees. In the pine wood the conditions were reversed. Most of the moths were dark, but the light variety was being weeded out. Clearly in a few more centuries each wood would be inhabited by one variety only. As each variety breeds true when they are placed in the same surroundings, the difference in the population of the two woods was not due to a direct effect of the environment, and there is no reason to attribute it to anything but the natural selection which was certainly occurring.

Whether natural selection of the intensity observed can account for the changes which have been noted in species — for example, the replacement of light by dark 'peppered' moths in the 'black' countries of England and Germany within sixty years — is a matter for the mathematician. On the whole, the answer seems to be in the affirmative. A far more serious difficulty is the failure of nearly related species to produce any offspring, or at any rate fertile offspring. Greyhounds and bulldogs, which look much less similar than horses and donkeys, yield fertile young, but no one has yet, as the result of artificial selection, produced an animal which is fertile with its like but not with the ancestral form. On the other hand, at least in one case, such a plant has been observed to arise under careful observation, apparently as the result of an accident in the process of cell-division. The gap is, therefore, already partly bridged, and we may hope for further evidence on this question in the near future.

We have next to ask whether any other possible cause of evolution besides natural selection is known. Darwin believed in the transmission of acquired characters. But since his time skepticism on this subject has, on the whole, increased. At any given moment there are always a few alleged cases unrefuted. It will take fifteen years to confirm or disprove Kammerer's work on salamanders, but experiments on more rapidly breeding animals generally give negative results. For example, Payne bred flies in as complete darkness as he could for seventy-five generations to see if they would lose or, as was conceivable, accentuate the normal instinct of their species to fly toward a light. He found no effect whatever as the result of disuse, though, of course, a more patient man might have done so in seven hundred and fifty generations! And the most complicated instincts of all, those of worker bees and other social insects, cannot possibly be explained as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inherited memories, since all the ancestors of a worker bee were queens or drones, which do not, for example, make combs. There is thus no convincing evidence of the transmission of acquired characters, or the loss of characters by disuse, while there are several cases where complex instincts must have arisen otherwise than by inherited memory, where indeed the inheritance of memory would be fatal to the race by giving the workers the instincts of a queen or drone.

Many people are so impressed by the magnificence of the drama of evolution which has culminated in themselves that they cannot believe in its direction by so blind an agency as natural selection. Moreover, there is a general, but quite unjustifiable, belief that evolution has, on the whole, been progressive. As a matter of fact, for every single case of advance there have been ten of degeneration as judged by any human standard. Birds, for example, all appear to have evolved from one common ancestral form, but the penguin, kiwi, ostrich, dodo, and many others have independently lost the use of their wings. Degeneration is the rule, but natural selection enables the rather rare organisms, which have made some real progress, to multiply and replenish the earth.

Others, including Mr. Bernard Shaw, think natural selection such an unpleasant hypothesis that they refuse to regard it as true. They forget perhaps that a belief in natural selection does not include the opinion that men or animals are machines. It merely postulates that they cannot see very far beyond their noses. The rather unusually intelligent ape who was your and my very great-grandfather founded a larger family than his companions, not because he foresaw Charlie Chaplin, you, and myself, but for less recondite reasons. The objection to the hypothesis of a divine plan is simply that by this phrase most people mean such a plan as they might concoct in their more emotional moments. From our knowledge of how the world in general works, natural selection strikes us as exactly the type of means which its creator might be expected to employ.

To sum up, then, the geological record and the facts of comparative anatomy and embryology render it fairly certain that evolution has occurred, but tell us nothing as to its causes. Natural selection is occurring under our eyes. It will certainly account for some of the facts of evolution, though perhaps not for all. But if we reject it as a complete explanation we have nothing to put in its place. Variation, when we observe it carefully, appears to be aimless. The transmission of acquired characters is unproven, and must certainly be incredibly slow in most cases, if it does occur. We may justifiably adopt the working hypothesis that evolution has been due solely to fortuitous variation and the action of selection on its results. But we must remember that this is still only a working hypothesis.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# A PERFECT HOST

BY OSBERT BURDETT

From the *Outlook, December* 20
(London Independent Weekly)

Lord Blanchestor, first baron, the founder of the line that unfortunately became extinguished at his death, was a captain of industry so true to type that he was able to apply the commercial genius of his mind even to the humblest things, to matters that, with less thoughtful men, are the spontaneous actions of life. He left nothing to chance. A successful man of action, he would explain to his admirers, was a man of science, to whom every motion of life was a problem to be solved or bungled. There was, he discovered, a right and wrong way even of tying a shoelace, and, because no employed person could be trusted to make the distinction, Lord Blanchestor never allowed his valet to assist him with the shoehorn. There was a right and a wrong position for the name and address upon an envelope, and for the order in which tea and milk should be poured into a cup; but the order of this last was a matter which Lady Blanchestor, who had arrived in Berkeley Square a little breathless after her husband's rapid flight, could never remember without an effort.

On what little things does the happiness of life depend, she reflected; while her husband, after dinner, as he sipped the port that he preferred because it was peculiarly rich in the phosphates approved by his physician, would meditate how it had been by his attention to trifles that he had amassed his great wealth. Despite their affection and the long married life of mutual aid that they had enjoyed together, Lord and Lady Blanchestor were a silent pair. The coffee that she drank without enjoyment, and the wine that he sipped on medical advice, did not loosen their tongues, even in the company of visitors. They shunned the *solitude à deux* that will sometimes cloud even the most respectable English family, and entertained by custom regularly and freely, to do good to others by escaping from themselves.

How was it, then, that Lord and Lady Blanchestor had gained the reputation of giving the most amusing dinner-parties in London? To his friends and satellites — for his simple-mindedness could not utterly dispense with the retinue of wealth that, in Shakespeare's beautiful lines,

> Crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
> Where thrift may follow fawning, —

to his friends and satellites, this proof of Lord Blanchestor's mysterious genius was the most curious of all. A silent man, whose taste in meat and wine showed such scientific connoisseurship that the cruder instincts of the palate were passed over for the subtler satisfaction of the gastric juice, does not suggest the perfect host to uninstructed minds. The scoffers did not know Lord Blanchestor. He had only to ask them to dinner and they surrendered at once. Afterward they made indeed one minor qualification. The amusement seemed to fade when they left the dining-room to join the ladies; and, a fact even odder if it were possible, the spirits of the ladies did not revive when the gentlemen had reappeared. But the time



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

passed in the dining-room had been heaven; from this all mortals must descend to earth through the circle of indifference that sometimes extends round the drawing-room settee.

During these dinners, the host would silently survey his guests, and his muscular fingers, very clean if not good-looking, would toy with his roll, which he was observed from time to time to conceal, with playful slyness, apparently in his napkin. While the talk flickered to and fro across the table, skirmishing round the magnificent epergne, purchased for an heirloom, that gracefully screened the centrally seated guests on either side of the table from one another, the characteristic hands of the host would disappear, for minutes at a time, from view, to re-emerge by some instinct of hospitality just when the laughter was at its freshest again. How intently, but how unobtrusively, the thoughtful peer watched and listened to his guests, only occasionally raising his face to catch the wandering smile of his wife at the farther end of the table. The expression of her face was always waning, like the moon at early morning, as if it had faded beyond the reach of all disturbing emotion. Nor was there anything to ruffle either host or hostess in the manifest delight that their hospitality was affording at these dinners.

The bill of fare — Lord Blanchestor was a bit of a purist and clung to the traditional English term — always began with mock-turtle soup; and after, but only after, the guests had left the dining-room, the more reflective would ask themselves if this dish had not been perhaps one ingredient in all that followed. Mock-turtle — the Bottom of soups, for it wears the enchanted head of a calf — seemed to have introduced and maintained the calf-laughter, the calf-love flirtatious talk, that had succeeded. But how?

The explanation was contained in the evidence given by the butler when he brought an action for wrongful dismissal and defamation of character the day after Lord Blanchestor had summarily discharged him without a reference, on having found the man substituting unmedicated wine for the Spa Port of the much-lauded 'Faussefête' Cornish vineyards. The butler, it seemed, had an untutored preference for the French grape. In cross-examination by his young, ambitious counsel, a man that not even the ex-Solicitor-General who led for his lordship could check, the butler gave away, as he vulgarly expressed it, the apparatus of Lord Blanchestor's hospitality.

As the sanctities of private life among the freshest of our peers were ruthlessly unveiled, by a creature without breeding, loyalty to his betters, or any sense of shame, the packed court learned that the master of scientific management had corrected his want of outward cordiality by the scientific stimulation of his guests. The elaborate carved paneling of the dining-room, the bosses of the Jacobean chairs, in fine replica, the silver pipes that joined the set of silver vases filled with choice artificial flowers, the arms of the epergne itself, from which the smilax fell in exquisite festoons, were conduits charged with oxygen. Lord Blanchestor's habit of toying with his roll, and then concealing his hands within his napkin, was the ruse by which, whenever the conversation flagged, he would secretly turn on one or more of the little taps to increase the supply of oxygen in the dining-room. The seats of the period-chairs were stuffed with prepared seaweed to infuse the air with ozone. The effect was to carry the guests at once into a factitious Alpine air, and the stimulus was maintained until jocosity, high spirits, and flirtatious repartee became but re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flexes of the invigorated circulation and the muscles. So nicely had Lord Blanchestor mastered the manipulation of these taps that he never exceeded the allowance limited to healthy human beings. Nor was he tempted to do so, for oxygen is expensive, and he found it not prudent to extend his cisterns and cylinders, installed at princely cost, beyond the dining-room.

His wife and himself either had acquired immunity from long habituation to the gas, or found, as the butler's counsel did not hesitate to suggest even amid some cries of 'Shame!' that interrupted him, a cold, serpentine pleasure watching their guests apparently enjoying themselves spontaneously, but really responding like puppets to a scientific stimulus beyond their strangest dreams. It was a shocking exposure. Indeed it is said that, after it was over, Lord Blanchestor never dined again. At all events, he came to believe that the solution of scientific hospitality was reserved for others. After all, he had done pioneer work abundantly, in other fields, before he died.

# DESTROYING THE PAST

BY WILLIAM MARTIN

From *La Semaine Littéraire, January* 17
(GENEVA WEEKLY REVIEW)

[M. MARTIN is a Swiss journalist who represented the *Journal de Genève* in Paris throughout the war. He was later attached to the League of Nations, and has now returned to the staff of the *Journal de Genève*, in which his articles are usually signed with initials only.]

VISITING those glorious places which preserve the memory and the relics of vanished civilizations, no one can help feeling a wave of melancholy regret sweeping over him. The day will come, no doubt, — for nothing is eternal here below, — when our world will in its turn be subjected to the same catastrophes that put an end to the civilizations of the Orient, of Greece, and of Rome. Let no one say this is impossible. Can anyone imagine that the Romans of the third century, celebrating in all their luxury and power the thousandth anniversary of their city's founding, would have believed it was on the eve of overthrow amid unprecedented turmoil? The years are passing inexorably for us as for our ancestors. Nothing can stand against time. It is reasonable then to ask what resistance our epoch can offer to the oblivion of a few thousand years.

What remains to us from antiquity? Mainly stones. In Pompeii, for example, not a single wooden object, practically speaking, has ever been found. No books have been discovered except one which had been enclosed in a wall — by what chance no one knows. It is stone that has transmitted to us the memory of Roman civilization, and to a still greater extent the memory of the civilizations of Egypt and the East. Now, as everyone knows, we do hardly any writing upon stone, and if our de-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scendants, in their effort to reconstruct the history of the present, are compelled to use the pedestals of our statuary, they will probably form some very queer ideas of the relative importance of our great men. We do not write any more on parchment, which sometimes does resist the centuries. We write on paper, and what paper it is! Worse every day. It is this essentially perishable material which carries all the secrets of our wisdom, our discoveries, of our philosophy, religion, and all the supreme goods that make us what we are.

The discovery of printing was a great conquest for humanity. Without it the modern world is inconceivable. But it is in truth of little import that a book should be printed in one thousand or ten thousand copies if none of these copies will stand use; and no one can escape a feeling of dismay at the thought of what our finest libraries would become in a thousand years. Take away the paper from our world — since it does not resist destruction — and what will there be left? Our houses are of light construction hardly adapted to endure, and we see scarcely anything which will eventually remain to tell what we were like — except our cathedrals and our railway stations.

The economic and social conditions under which we live, the necessity of making quick sales at a good profit, the desire for constant renovation for the sake of comfort, and the naïve but instinctive belief that one need only write a thing down to preserve it forever, have created a superficial civilization which is very brilliant but scarcely solid and which in everything prefers brilliancy to lasting qualities.

After all, it is our own business. We can snap our fingers at to-morrow if we want to. But there is a more serious side to the matter, for if we ourselves do not last, we shall carry down with us to their final destruction all the civilizations that have preceded us. When Cyrus marched across Mesopotamia to found an empire, he never dreamed that beneath his army's feet the depths of the earth enclosed the vestiges of an immense city destroyed, buried, and forgotten for two thousand years; but the city was there all the same. We have discovered it and dug it up. It is Ur, the city of Abraham. The earth has preserved it, the air will destroy it. The air will also destroy the treasures of the pyramids of Egypt. People have been a good deal disturbed over the fate of poor old Tutankhamen, who hoped to remain buried amid all his wealth for eternity and whom intruders have disturbed in his sleep of centuries. The worst part of his fate, however, is not the fact that he was disturbed. It is the fact that now he and all his treasures are condemned to a new death which this time will be permanent.

As a matter of fact, what is going to happen to these mummies, these objects of wood, these fabrics, these utensils? No matter what precautions may be taken, no matter with what substances they may be treated, they will not resist the damage wrought by time, they will not endure the moist warm climate of the Nile Valley with its extreme changes of temperature, nor can they stand the dust. The reason why nothing has come down to us from those distant times except what has been buried is that nothing can last in daylight. By digging them up we devote all the things that we find in our excavations to a certain and irremediable destruction.

What is true of Egypt is no less true of Rome. A good many hard things have been said of those barbarians who in the Middle Ages destroyed the most glorious buildings, stone by stone, to manufacture lime; but is it certain that we are not ourselves doing the same

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing without in the least intending it? These sections of bare walls which we dig up, will they long resist the vibrations of a great city, the motor-cars and auto-trucks which dash about the vicinity of the Forum, and the subways which will perhaps burrow underneath it in the future? Nowadays we happen to have a feeling for history, but there are great minds that lack it entirely and whole periods that know nothing about it. It is reasonable for us to ask whether the Roman Forum was not better preserved by the grass on which the papal cows pastured during the Middle Ages than it will be preserved in the future by the jealous care of our learned scholars.

And what about Pompeii? If the ashes of Vesuvius had not covered over the little watering-place for 1846 years, does anyone imagine that more of it would have been preserved than of all the other little cities of the empire? From now on it will share their fate. Already the graffiti, invaluable for historical knowledge, are growing dim upon the walls, and the frescoes begin to scale off. One may say as much for all the civilizations, Syrian, Hindu, Peruvian. To enjoy them for an instant we are destroying them for a second time. Great archæologists that we are, enthusiastic over our discoveries, we think that we may perhaps be magnifying and prolonging humanity. It is the reverse which is true. Our curiosity is destructive. What it touches, it condemns to death.

Yet, someone will say, — as has already been said, — we are giving new life to this past which we bring up into the light of day, and we are thus enlarging the patrimony of humanity. By our far-flung conquests we have expanded the world in space. Now we are also enlarging time. We are going back through the limits of knowledge. We are increasing the resources of mankind. We are creating, if one may use the phrase, a sort of imperialism in history.

All this is true, no doubt, but it does not affect the fact that these civilizations, so long as we knew nothing about them, continued to exist and could be rediscovered. In the future it will not be so. Henceforward they belong no more to history, but to life. They will share the vicissitudes of our existence. They will endure so long as our knowledge lasts, so long as our books hold out, but no longer. The statues which we set up in our museums with the skeletons of prehistoric beasts will perish with our museums. Both are henceforward at the mercy of a fire, an earthquake, a flood, a war, or quite simply at the mercy of the days that pass. They have gained life, but they have lost eternity.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# A PAGE OF VERSE

## ON READING THE WAR DIARY OF A DEFUNCT AMBASSADOR

BY SIGMA SASHÛN

[*The rather transparent pseudonym under which this poem is written almost certainly veils the identity of Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, who of late years has taken to writing under sundry pen-names, usually just cryptic enough to set his readers guessing. The Diary referred to is that of Lord Bertie, the British Ambassador in Paris during the war.*]

So that's your Diary — that's your private mind
Translated into shirt-sleeved History. That
Is what diplomacy has left behind
For after-ages to peruse, and find
What passed beneath your elegant silk-hat.

You were a fine old gentleman; compact
Of shrewdness, charm, refinement, and finesse.
Impeccable in breeding, taste, and dress,
No diplomatic quality you lacked —
No tittle of ambassadorial tact.

I can imagine you among 'the guns,'
Urbanely peppering partridge, grouse, or pheasant —
Guest of those infinitely privileged ones
Whose lives are padded, petrified, and pleasant.
I visualize you feeding off gold-plate
And gossiping on grave affairs of State.

Now you're defunct; your gossip 's gravely printed;
The world discovers where you lunched and dined
On such and such a day, and what was hinted
By ministers and generals far behind
The all-important conflict, carnage-tinted.

The world can read the rumors that you gleaned
From various Fronts; the well-known Names you met;
Each conference you attended and convened;
And (at appropriate moments) what you ate.
Thus (if the world's acute) it can derive
Your self, exact, uncensored, and alive.

The world will find no pity in your pages;
No exercise of spirit worthy of mention;
Only a public-funeral grief-convention;
And all the circumspection of the ages.
But I, for one, am grateful, overjoyed,
And unindignant that your punctual pen
Should have been so constructively employed
In manifesting to unprivileged men
The visionless officialized fatuity
That once kept Europe safe for Perpetuity.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

## ANIMALS AND ISLANDS

THREE little islands between Java and Sumatra offer zoölogists an opportunity of solving some long-standing puzzles in animal population and distribution. By the eruption of Krakatao in 1883 that island, the island of Sebesy, and the island of Verlaten were practically stripped of their animal life.

On Sebesy a few living creatures may have escaped, but no zoölogist who has visited the islands believes that life in any form survived on Krakatao or Verlaten, both of which were covered with a mass of glowing, smouldering ashes to a depth of nearly two hundred feet and at such a temperature that even the corals on the reefs off the island were destroyed.

Here, then, was an ideal opportunity to study the problems of the geographic distribution of animals and plants. How long would it be before the islands were repopulated, and what would be the first animals to return? Careful zoölogical surveys indicate that the two completely devastated islands have now almost as many species as the only partly devastated Sebesy, the exact numbers being 573 for Krakatao, 325 for Verlaten, and 638 for Sebesy. Most of the animals are those capable of flight, which have been carried to the islands by the winds frequent in this part of the world. The proportion of winged creatures is 81 per cent for Krakatao, 83 per cent for Verlaten, and 79 per cent for Sebesy. As late as 1908 not a single terrestrial mammal had reached either of the devastated islands. By 1921 a species of house rat had spread all over Krakatao, and the same species plus a country rat were abundant in Sebesy. Two reptiles, a python and a varanus lizard, both of which are known to be strong swimmers, had reached Krakatao by 1908, and two gekko lizards had arrived, probably on driftwood, by 1921. Spiders had also arrived, many of them probably carried by the wind on balloons of their own spinning, but there were others which must have drifted over.

Most remarkable of all is the early arrival of several land crustaceans, molluscs, and even earthworms which are usually thought quite unable to stand sea water.

This is important because geologists have hitherto assumed that an island with spiders, crustacea, molluscs, or earthworms in its fauna must at some time have been connected with the mainland, and have been quite ready to call theoretical continents from the vasty deep on this slender evidence. The recent investigations at Krakatao definitely upset such theorizing.

Doctor Dammerman of the Buitenzorg Museum, who has made these studies, also shows that some geologically ancient species are among those which have returned to the island. This upsets another scientific idea — namely that territory containing ancient species must itself be ancient.

The islands will eventually offer interesting opportunity of checking the length of time required for new species or subspecies to develop. The date of the eruption makes it possible to fix within a few years the date when a species must have reached the island, and careful collection and observation will show when the new species arises. Mother Nature being thus caught at work, the length of her processes can be accurately measured.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

### THE GRAVE OF SAINT CUTHBERT

When the English Benedictine, Abbot Cummins, discussed the secret of Saint Cuthbert's tomb in the columns of the *Ampleforth Journal*, as reported in the *Living Age* last month, he touched a subject whose appeal to English Roman Catholics is obvious. It is not surprising, then, that it should have been taken up by the London Catholic weekly, the *Universe*, which gives still further details. Abbot Butler, another Benedictine, says in an interview that Abbot Cummins is mistaken in thinking that more than three monks are allowed to share the secret. In point of fact, only two living men now know it. One is Cardinal Gasquet, the other is Abbot Butler himself. The third holder of the secret died not long ago, and no successor has yet been appointed.

Once or twice in the centuries that have elasped since the martyr's body was taken from its ostensible tomb and surreptitiously buried, it has happened that a member of the Benedictine order has accidentally come upon the secret. Some years ago a monk looking through an old breviary, which had formerly belonged to one of the three men appointed to keep the secret, found that the custodian had carelessly written out the information and placed it between the leaves. For a time, therefore, the secret had one custodian too many, but as soon as death removed one of the official three, the accidental discoverer was appointed in his place and the guardians resumed their customary number.

The secret is preserved in a plan and also in a series of verses in doggerel Latin. The clues given in the verses are not very exact, and Abbot Butler says that after his initiation into the secret he went personally to Durham Cathedral in order to get the exact spot of the Saint's burial firmly in mind — a reasonable precaution, as there is a story of a former custodian who forgot what the verses meant and could not point out the tomb himself.

Abbot Butler believes that the time has now come to reveal the secret, and the Dean of Durham announces the willingness of the Church of England to coöperate with the Benedictines in testing the legend. Abbot Butler, however, makes it plain that, while he knows the tradition and knows the traditional site of the secret tomb, he has no way of being certain that the tradition is authentic. There has from time to time been some skepticism even among the Benedictines themselves.

Sir Walter Scott's version of the legend appears in the second canto of *Marmion:* —

> There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,
> His relics are in secret laid;
> But none may know the place,
> Save of his holiest servants three,
> Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,
> Who share that wondrous grace.

### WHY CONRAD DID N'T WRITE FRENCH

M. Pierre Mille, the translator of Kipling, who has himself been called 'the French Kipling,' discusses in a current number of *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* the reasons why Joseph Conrad preferred to write in English rather than in French. The great novelist had, of course, the choice of at least three languages for his novels: Polish, French, and English — which last, curiously enough, this great stylist never spoke without a slight accent. His decision to write English, once made, was irrevocable, and though he wrote letters in French, he left even the French translations of his novels to other pens.

Various reasons have hitherto been given for the novelist's choice of English. Cynics have observed that novels in the English language command a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wider sale than novels in French — an observation which proves that cynics are right no more frequently than other people, for Conrad's novels were very slow in becoming popular successes, and even when he died, at the height of his fame, he left an estate which was by no means large.

Another version has it that Conrad felt that there had been less writing of pure style for its own sake in English than in French literature and that he would therefore find a field peculiarly his own — a hope which the event unquestionably justified.

M. Mille, however, has other and more cogent reasons. He admits that Conrad, in writing English, would be addressing a public of some two hundred million possible readers, whereas the French language would not have given him a quarter of the number. But it is still more significant that Conrad was to write sea stories and that the French are, in M. Mille's phrase, '*un peuple de terriens.*' Not all Englishmen are sailors, either, but the Englishman, even when he happens to be a landlubber, has a fair familiarity with the speech of the sea. Consequently, 'when you write the English equivalents of *salingue* or *bossoir*, there is not an Englishman but will understand, whereas if you write in French there will not be a Frenchman with the remotest notion what you mean. If you write a novel of the sea in French, you have to take care to weed out all the words of a sailor's vocabulary. They would prove disconcerting. One need only reread Loti to see how carefully he avoided the difficulty.'

M. Mille has one more reason to offer. It is the fact that Conrad felt freer to have his say about Russia in the English language than he did in French. *The Secret Agent* deals with a very thinly disguised Russian Embassy. Appearing a few years after the Russo-French diplomatic rapprochement, it could not possibly have been a success in France. England at this time, though on the verge of the agreement of 1907, was not so Russophile as her neighbor across the Channel. Even in 1911 *Under Western Eyes* did not suffer among British readers because of the attitude toward Russia implicit in it. Conrad wrote English and lived in England, but he never forgot Poland and the wrongs of Poland.

✠

### THE DEEMSTER'S AMAZING OATH

THE less important, in area at least, of the British Isles are full of quaint survivals of ancient customs. In the Channel Islands, which are not strictly British, being the last appurtenance of the Dukes of Normandy and therefore part of the British Crown's possessions, any subject of the Duke — for as such King George is regarded by the islanders — may halt legal proceedings of any kind by kneeling and shouting, '*Haro! haro! haro! À l'aide, mon prince, on me fait tort!*' whereupon everything stops until ducal justice has taken its course.

But even this strange bit of mediæval jurisprudence is not quite so strange as the extraordinary oath that has to be taken by the 'deemsters' of the Isle of Man. The word 'deemster' is a corruption of 'doomster,' and the deemster is therefore the functionary whose unpleasant duty it is to pronounce the doom, or judgment. His dooms are not necessarily fatal, however, or even unfavorable to the accused, the modern meaning of the word being a relatively late sense. The deemster, in short, is a judge.

This is the wonderful oath, which has been taken by Manx deemsters for a thousand years: —

By this Book, and by the Holy Contents thereof, and by the Wonderful works that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

God hath miraculously wrought in the Heaven above and in the Earth beneath, in *six days* and *seven nights*, I the person being sworn do swear that I will without respect, favor or friendship, love or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this Isle justly betwixt our Sovereign Lord the King and his subjects within this Isle, and betwixt party and party, as indifferently as the herring's backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish! So help me God and the Contents of this Book.

✽

### THE UNPOPULARITY OF RAILROADS

THE indefatigable editor of the entertaining column known as 'Miscellany' in the *Manchester Guardian* has been gathering up instances of famous people who did not like railway travel. Inevitably all of them are from the early days when steam transportation was a new and strange thing — though probably in a few years, when aircraft have developed a trifle further, he will be able to add to his collection.

John Ruskin was one of the most outspoken critics of the new invention. On one occasion when the South-Eastern asked him to lend some of his Turner drawings for an exhibition, he replied bluntly: —

> I utterly detest railways. Your railway has cut through and spoiled some of the loveliest bits of scenery in the country, and if you want a loan exhibition you should content yourselves with exhibiting advertisements of —— Soap and —— Mustard.

But in spite of this unfavorable opinion, another railway company subsequently placed a compartment at his disposal when the famous writer was to come to London for a special occasion.

The Duke of Wellington did not travel by rail until 1843, a year after even Queen Victoria had abandoned the stagecoach. One reason for the Iron Duke's distaste for railway travel is probably to be found in the volley of brickbats with which he was greeted when his train pulled into Manchester on one of his first journeys. There was also the surgeon, Sir Astley Cooper, who was sure that the railways would destroy the nobility, and Colonel Sibthorpe, a crank who managed to get himself elected to Parliament, who opposed both the building of railways and the Great Exhibition.

✽

### DECORATING WORKMEN

THE Legion of Honor is expanding its ranks to find room for the best workingmen of France. Among the first to be thus honored is an old moulder seventy years of age, who has spent his life making casts, and thus coöperating with some of the greatest artists in France. In a recent labor exhibition held to encourage workers by dignifying their toil — and possibly as a very diplomatic method of heading off social unrest — this old fellow exhibited one of his castings, which artists are said to regard as a masterpiece. Another workman who is to receive the cross of the Legion is a jeweler whose skill and trustworthiness are shown by the fact that he has lately been working on a diamond worth 800,000 francs.

The labor exhibition is being conducted under the combined auspices of the Government and the Municipal Council of Paris. Premier Herriot, as becomes a leader of the Left, has made a gift of 5000 francs, and various newspapers have also given prizes. In order to make the exhibition an affair of interest to France as a whole, every department has been asked to select its best workman, and where possible to submit exhibits of his handicraft.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# BOOKS ABROAD

**The Peal of Bells**, by Robert Lynd. London: Methuen, 1924. 6*s*.

[W. Force Stead in the *Saturday Review*]

WE know what an essay means until we try to define it, and then we discover that our rich and varied mother-tongue is not so rich as it might be. For this one word, which we had believed to apply to a well-defined and limited area, must do service for such widely different writings as those vast dissertations into which Macaulay poured the contents of whole libraries, and these abstemious paragraphs in which Mr. Lynd, turning his back on libraries and walking out into the street, comments with wisdom and humor on whatever takes his fancy. He goes out to have a look at horses, at a hotel, at the seaside, at voters, puzzles, and a casino. We go with him and in his company we see much where before we had seen little.

He makes some shameful confessions, but so adroitly that we find that his failings are ours, and so, of course, they are very human, and we feel them as a bond of sympathy.

We said that Mr. Lynd leaves the library for the broader ways of life. And so it is that when he touches upon literature his comments are references, not to other books, but to human nature.

In an essay 'On Being Cruel' he reminds us that Ruskin was furious when the critics said that he wrote beautifully, Lamb was irritated when Coleridge referred to him as gentle, and Robert Browning, when someone in public asked him if he were a Christian, thundered 'No.' We are suspicious of praise because by its very definiteness it sets a limit on the good things that can be said of us. And so he is led on to some much-needed strictures on the modern fashion of cruelty in writing, but its purpose is decoration, not interpretation.

It takes life and makes it more grotesque than it is. Perhaps the modern author fears nothing more than being told that his writing is beautiful, gentle, and Christian. And so cruelty becomes a convention.

It would be a hard task to pick out the best essays in this volume, difficult even for a hardened editor of some collection of the 'Best Essays of 1924.' But two of them, one on 'Street Preachers' and the other a vivid picture of a disconsolate bookmaker in the essay entitled 'Worry,' exhibit both the range of interest and the human sympathy which Mr. Lynd commands; they are good to begin on, and will inspire a search for something as good or better — a search which will be its own reward.

**Tales of King Solomon**, by St. John D. Seymour. London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1924. 7*s*. 6*d*.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

THE power, magnificence, and wealth of King Solomon, we are reminded by the author of this pleasantly produced volume, were greater than those of all the kings who were about him. 'It is told that the Lord God gave him rule not only over men, but over the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the creeping things of the earth, and over all devils, demons, and spirits.' Moreover, he understood the language of birds, and all creatures of earth, of the fishes in seas, rivers, and inland lakes, of trees and winds, and of evil spirits. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that many traditions should have come to envelop his royal figure, but at the same time we cannot help being astonished by the vast number of references which Mr. Seymour tabulates as authority for the stories he retells with such admirable clearness and simplicity.

Many things, seemingly, besides his proverbial and proverb-condensed wisdom have impressed the ages, for a whole host of legends illuminate his amorousness, his strangely unpractical outlook, his daring exploits in peace and war. To his association with the Queen of Saba, or Sheba, and to that with the daughter of Pharaoh are devoted two whole chapters, and in them is enough material for a hundred romances. The reader will regret to learn at the close of the book that the salvation of so great a lover was pronounced against by Saint Augustine and the Latin Fathers, although one broader-minded Jewish Doctor 'placed him without hesitation with other Old Testament saints and worthies.'

**Figures of the Passion**, by Gabriel Miró. London: Guy Chapman, 1925. 12*s*. 6*d*.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

THIS long and elaborate work by the Spanish author Gabriel Miró, now published in an English version, takes the form of a series of stories dealing with some of the men and women who played a part, large or small, in the closing scenes of Christ's life. The immense difficulties of such an ambitious design are obvious. In writing a life of Christ an author can use his imagination to fill in and explain the brief records of the Gospels, but the reader is in no doubt as to what is the testimony of the evangelists and what is conjectural reconstruction. In a work of fiction, however, the saving word 'probably' has no place; the narrative must be all in one plane; and, however excel-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lent the intentions of the novelist, some of the words and actions he attributes to Christ and his followers must, to a good many readers, seem unconvincing, if not positively out of character.

Hence the paradox of Gabriel Miró's book, that, while it is intended to appeal to the inexhaustible interest of the story of the Passion, it is successful in inverse proportion to the historical importance of the characters. At this end of the scale are Barabbas and the young man in the linen cloth who followed Jesus when he was led away after his betrayal. In the Spanish author's narrative this is not Mark himself, but the rich young man who made the great refusal, and whose subsequent history has always been a favorite subject of speculation. All the figures, from Pilate and Herod Antipas to Simon of Cyrene and the woman of Samaria, are presented in a most elaborate scenic background. Immense pains have been lavished on the smallest historical details, and the result is a very full and vivid description of the scenery and daily life of Palestine, and, in particular, of Jerusalem during the bustle and excitement of the great feast of the Passover.

The planning of the book as a series of separate narratives, while involving frequent breaks in the continuity of interest, gives the most ample scope for these elaborate pictures of contemporary Jewish life, and enables the story of the Passion to be presented from widely different and strongly contrasted points of view. The translator, C. J. Hogarth, has performed his task with great credit, and great praise is due to the admirable printing and get-up of the volume, which is a delight to the book-lover's eye. It is set in Caslon old face, and the initial capitals are what is known as the 'Apostle' series — designs charming in themselves and peculiarly appropriate to the subject matter.

**To the Unknown God,** by J. Middleton Murry. London: Cape, 1924. 6*s*.

[Leonard Woolf in *The Nation and the Athenæum*]

I HAVE had a curious experience. People tell me that Mr. J. Middleton Murry has a message and that it is contained in his new book, *To the Unknown God*, so I read the book. As far as the message goes, I was completely disappointed, for it is a message which is only understandable by those who understand it. I am one of those old-fashioned people who want messages to be expressed in words and sentences which have a precise meaning; Mr. Murry is not. He objects to definitions; he uses words like 'knowledge,' 'faith,' 'religion,' 'God,' to mean what they do not ordinarily mean, but he does not explain what *he* wants them to mean. Consequently his message degenerates into either platitudes like 'the good things are the things which make for life, and the bad things are the things which make for decay,' or vague injunctions about loyalty, passionate desires for truth, isolation, and 'holding the fort' of your editorial chair.

But I am not going to write about Mr. Murry's message. What interests me is his literary style, and it is with regard to that that the curious experience occurred. Whether it was chance or whether it was a case of cause and effect, I do not know; but after reading Mr. Murry I felt an irresistible impulse to open a work of an author for whom Mr. Murry himself expresses the most unbounded admiration. The work was *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and, as I dipped about in its astonishing pages, I was suddenly struck with amazement. For I found that Mr. Murry's literary style was indistinguishable from that of one of the most famous characters in that famous novel. The resemblance is so remarkable that it cannot be mere coincidence. Of course I do not accuse Mr. Murry of plagiarism; it is one of those not uncommon cases in which one great writer or teacher has become so much a part of another that the second has been unconsciously, but deeply, impregnated with the thought and style of the first.

In order to test my discovery I read out to someone else passages from Mr. Murry and from Dickens intermixed, and asked my listener to tell me where Mr. Murry ended and Dickens began, and vice versa. My listener, though a literary expert, was quite unable to do so.

## NEW TRANSLATIONS

BELTRAMELLI, ANTONIO. *Piccolo Pomi.* Translated from the Italian by Leo Ongley. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1925.

DA VERONA, GUIDO. *Life Begins To-morrow.* Translated from the Italian by Isabel Grazebrook. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1925.

COCTEAU, JEAN. *Thomas the Impostor.* New York: Appleton and Company, 1925.

HEIDENSTAM, VERNER VON. *The Tree of the Folkungs.* Translated from the Swedish by A. G. Chater. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925. $3.00.

MANN, THOMAS. *Death in Venice and Other Stories.* Translated from the German by Kenneth Burke. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925. $2.50.

PILNIAK, BORIS. *Tales of the Wilderness.* With an Introduction by Prince D. S. Mirsky. Translated from the Russian by F. O'Dempsey. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925. $2.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# This Week

When the representatives of over fifty powers, great and small, put their heads together and drafted the Geneva Protocol, England found herself in the same embarrassing position that we were in when Wilson returned from his second European tour. Rejection would show bad faith, adoption might mean surrender of national sovereignty, and compromise was politically impossible. A Student of Foreign Affairs, who happens to deserve the name, has gone into the whole business thoroughly, and shows us the facts.

* * *

The name of Georg Brandes calls to mind those high old times before the war when Huneker wrote for the *Sun* and Nietzsche's philosophy, Bernard Shaw's wit, and Ibsen's plays were the talk of the hour. As the greatest critic of that glorious period surveys the modern scene, it is no wonder that his eyes fill with tears.

* * *

The initials I. B. conceal the identity of a knowing English theatregoer who spent some time pursuing his — or her — favorite avocation in Prague. Although no larger than Baltimore, this city supports fourteen show-houses devoted to the production of worthwhile drama. People who want to keep up with what is happening on the stage have found that Czechoslovakia will bear watching.

* * *

In our provincial way, we probably give ourselves credit for having developed the bootlegging industry to its present lofty plane, but it is interesting to learn that the Baltic is just as wet as the Jersey coast. Where there is smoke there is fire, and where there is Prohibition there are rum-runners.

* * *

J. B. S. Haldane, quite the most brilliant of the younger British scientists, gives us the last word on Darwinism. Bryan and John Roach Straton, Percy Grant and Harry Emerson Fosdick have had their say, and now we are told that perpetuation of the fittest rather than survival of the fittest is what most intelligent people ought to believe in.

* * *

Spring Hill — or Tel Aviv, as the natives call it — is the Hollywood of the city of Jaffa, and the ugliest suburb in Asia Minor. Its fortunes, however, were not fully made until a tremendous pogrom took place, with such devastating results that everyone now has a job with the reconstruction gang.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Pulpit-Pounding

We do not pound the pulpit for any school or cult, for any sect or fad.

In fact, we don't engage in preaching at all.

* * *

The narrow conservative, nursing his prejudices, and the hazy radical, coddling his panaceas, are equally funny to us.

But that does not mean that Scribner's Magazine is not definitely something.

It is definitely the source to which intelligent people are going to find the unfrenzied, the unterrified point of view.

* * *

We have been accused of publishing dangerous articles and stories.

If these are dangerous, they are only firecrackers to the dynamite to come.

* * *

One comment on a story declared that the chief danger lay in the "sheer beauty of its presentation."

Beauty is so rare in this world that we welcome it wherever we find it.

And it usually proves dangerous only to prejudices, and to people who desire to remain in their own little rut.

* * *

A glance at the March number of Scribner's Magazine reveals Struthers Burt, John Hays Hammond, Gerald W. Johnson, and Caroline MacGill as commentators on important aspects of American life.

And they comment with a lightness of touch, with humor, and with sufficient seriousness.

* * *

A glance forward at the April number which appears soon shows H. A. L. Fisher with an English point of view about America.

The radio mind, uncanny skill of the car-parkers, the moral blizzard of prohibition are some of the phenomena which particularly interested him.

* * *

Roger Burlingame, Isa Urquhart Glenn, and Edwin Cole Dickenson, contribute short stories.

And Edith Wharton writes on how to tell a short story.

Theory and practice — compare them.

* * *

Mrs. Wharton's gift of analysis, patent in all her works of fiction, is also apparent in this work on the technique of fiction.

* * *

There's more, much more in the April number.

We are losing a few subscribers who become angry at some article or story in the Magazine.

We are losing no subscriber because we do not interest him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED